

# THE DUBLIN MAGAZINE

*A Quarterly Review  
of Literature, Science and Art.*

NEW SERIES

VOLUME 4

1929

KRAUS REPRINT CORPORATION

New York

1967

# THE DUBLIN MAGAZINE

A QUARTERLY REVIEW

OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND ART

VOLUME 4

Printed in U.S.A.

# CONTENTS.

JANUARY—MARCH, 1929.

	PAGE.
TOURNE LA PAGE ... .. FRANCIS VIELÉ-GRIFFIN	1
A NOTE ON SYMBOLISM AND ON THE SIGNIFICANCE OF FRANCIS VIELÉ-GRIFFIN.	
T. B. RUDMOSE-BROWN	2
THE SMILING FACES. ... BRINSLEY MACNAMARA	5
THE SILENCE OF MUSIC. ... .. T. G. KELLER	13
IN FRANCE. ... .. VINCENT O'SULLIVAN	16
WHO FEARS TO SPEAK OF '98? A Play in One Act.	
GERALD MACNAMARA	30
THE SEAL. ... .. L. A. G. STRONG	53
BOOK REVIEWS, BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTES, ETC., ETC.	57

The Editor of THE DUBLIN MAGAZINE will be glad to consider MSS. offered for publication, but no MS. will be returned unless it is accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope, and the Editor will take no responsibility for manuscripts that may be lost.

Letters should be addressed to 2 Crow Street, DUBLIN, and communications with regard to advertisements, subscriptions, etc., should be sent to the Manager of "The Dublin Magazine" at that address.

The subscription rate is 10s. 6d. per annum to any address.

Advertisement rates may be obtained on application to the Manager.





# THE DUBLIN MAGAZINE

---

VOL. IV.—No. 1,  
(New Series)

JANUARY—MARCH, 1929.

Price 2/6

---

## Tourne La Page

BY FRANCIS VIELÉ-GRIFFIN

Tourne la page : la bouche est rouge  
Comme un fruit, une fleur, une faute ;  
La lèvre frémit, la paupière bouge :  
Dira-t-elle le nom de son hôte ?

Tourne la page : les yeux sont durs  
Comme le ciel d'une nuit polaire ;  
La paupière tombe, chaste, impur ?  
Que cache-t-elle dans ses yeux clairs ?

Ferme le livre ! la main te tend  
Son fruit étrange, comme une branche ;  
La main est ouverte—va-t-en !  
Ne t-offre-t-elle que sa main blanche ?

Le cœur frémit en dessarroi,  
Au désir honteux de la suivre,  
De haine et d'amour et d'effroi ;  
Tourne la page ; ferme le livre.

# A Note on Symbolism

*AND ON THE SIGNIFICANCE OF FRANCIS VIELÉ-GRIFFIN*

BY T. B. RUDMOSE-BROWN

Symbolism was in its origin on the artistic side a reaction against the cult of description and statement, and on the philosophical side a reaction against the cult of fact rather than truth, of the schools in vogue. Shorn of verbiage, its aim was to attain the true by intuition and express it by suggestion. All poetry is symbolist. Racine was as symbolist as Viélé-Griffin. But the Symbolists tried to do too much. As Rivière said in criticism of them, they attempted the "global" expression of the whole personality of the poet, an excessive synthesis by contrast with the excessive analysis of their predecessors. To grasp all in one impression and express all by some recondite and overloaded image—this way lay incomprehensibility and obscurity. They have left nothing except an influence. The poetry of to-day, whether of the Neo-Classical type, such as that of Louis Pize or Guy Lavaud, or of the Modernist type, which, originating with Apollinaire's break away from Symbolism, has given us Larbaud, Fargue, Saint John Perse, and Supervielle, is not the same as it would have been if Symbolism had never sounded its note of idealism and of intuitionism in conception, and of impressionism and direct expression in the rendering of the conception. Only Unanimism has completely escaped; it is dry and bare and hard, and intellectual in expression and in its acute analysis. The nearest direct descendants of Symbolism are doubtless Paul Valéry and F. P. Alibert, disciples of Mallarmé.

There is no plastic beauty in Griffin's poetry. It is, in that sense, purely musical, without the borrowings from the arts of the painter, sculptor and engraver that formed so large a part of the work of his predecessors, the Parnassians. Mediaeval popular song, the purest of all poetry, in this sense, has had a strong influence on his conception of lyricism.

The so-called "vers libre" of Viélé-Griffin is a new form, as different from the broken alexandrines which succeeded the "vers libérés" of Jules Laforgue as it is from the prose rhythms of the Modernists. Viélé-Griffin writes in regular or irregular accentual verse, except where he uses the old regular syllabic metres. Saint John Perse, Fargue, Larbaud use an entirely new



form which is not strictly speaking verse at all, but rhythmical prose. Personally, I prefer the modernist mode of expression, but to Griffin belongs, no doubt, the chief credit of having broken away from the alexandrine and decasyllable and regular octosyllable and sought rhythmical forms more pliable and adapted more adequately to the expression of his individual outlook.

If there is no other world, happiness can be the only ideal in this one. If there be another, self-realization, in so far as the limits of this world admit, is more likely than ascetic denial to lead to fuller self-realization in the other. The Parnassians took one standard. Leconte de Lisle found happiness only in the far past of Greece. Indeed it may be doubted if the search for happiness can ever be successful. Self-realization, Griffin's ideal, may bring happiness in its train, unsought, unasked, but it involves self-sacrifice, a ruthless acceptance of spiritual values, by which I do not mean a denial of the body, but rather the translation of its hungers and passions and desires into terms of spirit. Griffin does not deny life in this world in any of its manifestations. Even the Saints of his *Amour Sacré* go to martyrdom not for any gain in another world, but in order to realise to the full their potentialities in this world. The poets who came after Symbolism have the scientific outlook. They postulate no ethical standard, but are interested, as psychologists only, in discovering and using as poetic material the facts of life, and by that I mean not so much the facts of objective life as the facts of subjective life. Man's mind, conscious and sub-conscious, is this and that, and reacts in this way and that way to exterior and interior stimuli—that is their interest. But it is not Griffin's. He belongs to the ethical generation between the realists and the psychologists.

The poem which M. Francis Vielé-Griffin has sent to the *Dublin Magazine* is in the vein of the *Partenza*, which I still regard as his most charming and most original and significant work. Most of the Symbolists, with their ivory tower attitude, now, in this world of thought and action, seem remote, almost as if read in dream, or seen through a hazy, humid, Irish evening, beautiful, but going "through many ways of dream to death." Their apartness, necessary as a protest against realism, now seems futility. Griffin was among the very few who never denied life in its varied and multi-coloured aspects, and he remains when the others have gone. The only optimist in this pessimistic move-

ment, he sang of the value and fulness of life: though for him the value and fulness were not those of the materialists, he never denied life in any of its manifestations. His particular note, "*Rejouis-toi et sache croire!*", while not a definitely religious note, is a note of hope, although hope is conceived in a somewhat uncommon form. Turn the page, linger not, pass on . . . the value of desire is in the desire itself, not in its satisfaction. To desire much and many things, but always to pass on to new desires, never delaying over a rosebud mouth or a lovely landscape or looking back regretfully. To say farewell bravely and look forward, going resolutely towards the unknown goal . . . in that he and that other American Frenchman, Stuart Merrill, agreed. Perhaps there is an ultimate place of fulfilment where the seeker may rest and all desires be satisfied in complete achievement. . . That is optimism of an unusual kind, but still optimism, truer, if you consider it, than the breezy cheerfulness of the materialist who tells us to enjoy every moment to the full before passing on, to kiss the rose lips till we are weary, and stop at the inn till the sunrise and sunset from its windows pall. "*Carpe diem*" is the wail of the pessimistic voluptuary for whom the future holds no hope and the boundless waste of the firmament no shining star, and the soul of man no urgent divinity. Griffin has held firmly to the spiritual meaning of life, to the divine essence driving each individual ineluctably towards the ultimate completion of this imperfect scheme when Godhead shall emerge clear from time and space. He is therefore an individualist, for in his conception the individual, not the many, is the vehicle of the divine urge. To deny the individual in favour of the mass, society, the state, the nation is a confession of hopelessness. Griffin believed and believes and cries to this state-ridden world the true message that above the individual soul is nothing and nobody save God the Lord and Love and Death, his Servitors.



# The Smiling Faces

BY BRINSLEY MACNAMARA.

## I.

There were so many, in her time, who had come and sat in the same way in her bar that, for perhaps too long, Miss Cunningham was disinclined to regard too seriously the case of Thomas Weldon. It could not possibly be that he had his eye on herself, for, although she was a well-to-do woman with this nice, thriving business, and two lovely farms, as well, on the outskirts of the village of Clunnen, no one ever thought that way of her now . . . These possessions might easily have built up a certain sense of allure-ment about her in the far-back past, but now she was old and quiet in herself, maintaining her grip upon life only, it would seem, by her constant and cautious attention to her business. It was the very reason, in a way, why she had come to notice particularly the case of Thomas Weldon, as she moved about her establish-ment continuously, talking to her customers, humouring them, concerned about them, even when it came to giving advice that might be a bit against herself sometimes.

Thomas Weldon had grown upon her of late, for he seemed to be always and ever sitting there by her counter now, talking to herself and Essie Kelch, her barmaid. If she had ever had any notion of marrying herself, Thomas Weldon might easily have been the sort of man she would have chosen. But the idea of her ever marrying! Oh, not at all! Never! Yet he was a nice man still, a real settled sort of a man anyway until this, until he had begun to come here so often, for no other purpose, as it had suddenly appeared to her, than to talk the few timid words he customarily spoke to Essie Kelch while in her presence. Essie Kelch indeed! A good attentive little girl who brought a nice bit of custom here of an evening by her pleasant little way, but the idea of marrying Essie Kelch! The cheek of these young ones nowadays anyway! But she had spoken to her, quietly, which was her way, yet with the right kind of meaning behind her words:

"I suppose he does be even trying to flirt with you, when there's no one else here, and I'M not in the bar?"

"Oh, not at all, Miss Cunningham. Is it a man like him?"

Why, I'm sure he never even once thought of the like in his whole life."

She had watched most carefully after that, and had noticed several times how the quiet eyes of Thomas Weldon had strayed from her in eagerness, often while she was in the very middle of some of her most entertaining accounts of the secret histories of County Meath families, and became entangled in that curious net work of a smile which would always seem to be gathered over the smiling face of Essie . . . .

Ah, how well she had guessed ?

If it had ever gone further than that, she firmly resolved that such occasions should not so easily present themselves for the future.

## II.

"But sure you all say that," said Essie.

"Who all ? I never said it before, so I didn't," said Thomas Weldon, in his halting heavy way, yet pleadingly.

"But the lads from Castleconnor and Mullaghowen and Garra-drimna ! Oh, many and many's the time I have heard it."

"And you used to be talking to all them lads like to me ? "

"I used, what else ? "

"D'ye tell me now ? "

"D'ye think I'm eight years here and never spoke to a boy in my life ? And they in and out here every second in the day . . . ."

A snatch of conversation like this would fall between them in the infrequent intervals between the appearance and the disappearance of customers, and if Miss Cunningham chanced to be out of the bar for as long as a few seconds, and with this he had to be satisfied.

The end of the night that had held for him just such a little bit of magic would be the lonesome road home past the ruined archway at Clonarney, that was called "Smiling Bess," and which in other days he had not had the courage to pass on really dark nights, but he did not care now . . . . He could feel brave and forceful now. After the Road of the Elms there was the long boreen down



to the neat house in his comfortable nest of fields. He would feel the softness of his rich land about him as he went into the lonely house and lit the candle. A woman would be lovely here . . . Essie Kelch for instance, would be lovely here . . . .

And so he would sit lonely with his thoughts until the night was nearly done and the dawn had come. But sure not one of Weldons had ever married like this. Indeed, in his own very family down all the years he had been waiting for his sisters to be settled, he had heard the word mentioned, heard them say of some wayward girl: "Well, bad luck to her smiling face anyway, and see how she got round him in the heel of the hunt!" His own sisters had not been like that at all, but quiet, settled girls, even before they were properly settled, and so he had had to wait for what appeared a great length of time until they were off his hands, and it was this waiting, more than anything else, that had made him so timid, speaking no word to any girl, thinking of no girl until now . . . . Only what would his sisters say, his settled and sedate and comfortably married sisters say to a "one" like that, a barmaid? Even long dead Weldons would turn in their graves. What good would she be for the wife of a farmer with the light ways in her after she being grinning across the counter at men all her life? Wouldn't anyone, living or dead, think he was mad entirely? They would, oh, they would. Begad, there was no use in making an eeget of a fellow's self altogether . . .

But in the fields a few hours later, the smiling face of Essie would . . . . Essie would seem to call him. The Weldons had ever been good farmers. They had brought these fields, these fields of his, to beauty, to lovely smiles on summer days with which he had enriched his soul till now, till SHE had come, with her face before him always now, coming between him and the face of the fields. And all the tenderness he had aforetime given to the land. Ah, where was it now? Yet there was "something" all about him, in the trees and the quickening clay, in the wide stretch of the windy sky and over all the world. But soon a brightness that was its own shadow would have fallen for him upon the day, and he would be feeling that he must clean himself and hurry early into Clunnen this evening. . . . And it always took him such a long time now, the cultivation of his appearance. . . . In a way, it was harder work than when he had devoted himself to the land. . . .



## III.

"I don't like the way that poor man is goin' on at all. Setting his land on the 'eleven months system,' and letting his bit of oats rot with neglect, like the way he did last year."

Miss Cunningham was saying this to Essie now more than a year after she had first "noticed it".

"Oh, sure he's getting to be a rale ould eeget anyway. I don't know what's come over him . . . If only he would say what seems to be in his mind itself. . . . But sitting there with his elbows on his knees always and he thinking and brooding to himself . . ."

"You shouldn't be taking much notice of him anyway."

"I won't, Miss Cunningham, and that's as sure as you're there."

After such a word out of Miss Cunningham's continuous and concerned mood of advice, Essie always tried to be as "cold" as she could, by keeping her face as much averted as possible when speaking to Thomas Weldon.

Ah, why was she doing that, he would think. If only she knew. . . . If only she could feel the sadness and then the fire that came into him whenever he heard her talking and laughing and skitting with lads from Castleconnor in the little sitting-room off the bar whither she had carried their drinks on a tray, and where he could not see her or them. And often he has heard her giggling richly in there. Oh, it was tearing him to pieces . . . murdering him!

That summer saw the almost complete neglect of his farm. But Miss Cunningham could do nothing to stop it. He was quiet and harmless, never raising his voice in her house, never getting drunk, only safely, moodily, and with not a word out of him, his eyes quietly in pursuit of the laughing eyes of Essie. Oh, but he was going from bad to worse. It was said that he had his nice little place mortgaged up to the hilt. He had become neglectful, even of his appearance, and, seeing him now, one would nearly laugh outright at the idea of connecting his name with that of little, laughing Essie.

He moved more moodily through Autumn evenings, often feeling, as he passed by "Smiling Bess," that there could be a great cruelty, surely, in smiling faces, that maybe Essie, when she

laughed in the bar, or in the sitting-room now, was maybe only laughing at him. . . . What was it brought him such a feeling as he passed the sinister archway at Clonarney? The woman's head, so fantastically ornamented like the head of a Gorgoneion; what could it mean to him? Yet he could never pass it now without feeling some dread. . . . And still, strangely, on his homeward way, he would often return the road to repass it. Why was the thing doing this to him, with its smile like that of one who had led men to their doom in the days gone by?

One night that was darker than usual, and upon the occasion of such a return along the road to Clunnen, he stopped to search for the face of "Smiling Bess" through the gloom. This night, beyond all others, she had called him! And for what? He could scarcely see her. But, beyond the stillness of his troubled mind, he heard the sound of suppressed laughter from one side of the archway. He could just barely see a confused group, but he knew what it was—a man with a girl in his arms. . . . Suddenly they seemed to have become aware of his presence. There was no sound at all. Above, the smiling face of Gorgoneion grinned on. It was Essie in someone's arms! He could see their bicycles leaning against the other side of the archway. Oh, aye, it was one of the Castleconnor lads. . . . To think that he had let this happen!

And there, in that moment, the resolve to which, heretofore, he had been unable to summon himself was born. . . . He could not let it go over him another single day. He would tell her to-morrow. She did not know, the poor, little thing, that she had nearly ruined him. Surely she must have guessed that the only "love" conversation he had ever had with her was a proposal. But she had not seen. He had "axed" her in his queer, timid way, and she had only shown by her conduct that she refused him—for the time being. But to-morrow he would tell her! He would tell her to-morrow. The long spell of his quietness would be broken, and she would know then how much. . . . how terrible big was his love for her. He would carry her home to his little, neglected place in the fields, and all would be beautiful again. . . . her smiling face. . . . the smiling face of the fields. But above him now, monstrous through the darkness, the face of "Smiling Bess". . . . He hurried away, that face in his eyes, and in his ears what he took to be the sound of laughter. . . .

## IV.

The next morning he heard, the postman, or someone passing early out of Garradrimna, had told him, that Miss Cunningham had passed peaceably away in the night-time. Ah, that was sad, the poor old thing!

He went into Clunnen, as he had purposed, only to find, in the natural course, that "Miss Cunningham's" was closed and shuttered. And for three days, until the funeral, he went into Clunnen, but never into one of the other houses. They might say what they liked of him! They would know now that he was no drunkard, but only one with lovely feelings always.

He saw Essie at the funeral, in a little black hat that suited her, crying over Miss Cunningham's grave. And he cried too. A nice woman, Miss Cunningham! She had never said a word to him, although he must have been more or less disgusting to her, sitting there, day in, day out. And he felt this of her now, although she had prevented him from "axing" Essie properly... But to think that he must wait longer, now that he had at last made up his mind... But he waited, waited in patience, his great resolve still further exciting him until the shop opened again, and, in the temporary employment of the executors of the late Miss Cunningham, Essie appeared as usual in the bar.

He was again standing looking at her, saying polite and sympathetic things about the departed... But the words were rushing upon him now, after the silent years... When would she give up speaking about the virtues of Miss Cunningham, so that he might decently tell her?... But, even still, she was saying things that he had not the heart to interrupt, the kindest things about Miss Cunningham.

He had not spoken to a soul since her death, so immersed had he been in his tremendous resolve. He had not heard the rumour that, as a reward for her faithful services, Miss Cunningham had willed Essie the house and the two farms, and a considerable sum of money. But even if he had heard of it, the full significance of such news might not have dawned on him.

At long last, when Essie began to speak of other things, he had the opportunity. And the words burst from him, a long-pent-up stream... He scarcely knew what he said, but he asked her surely to marry him and over and over again... He said all the lovely things to her that he had wanted to say for so long.



"How well you never came to ask me until now?" she said. "Think of all the years I have spent here slaving, when I'd have loved to get out of it and be mistress of my own place. And you spent and spent, wasting and wasting, coming in here. And now to think that you have the cheek to ask me when you have everything spent, and when you know well that I'm coming in for this place and the two farms, and any amount of money . . . !"

His very face looked speechless as he stared at her bewildered :

"Ah, no, I never heard, not a word, I never heard, not a single word, and that's as sure as you're there."

"Ah, you never heard? Do you think I'll believe that for a story? And isn't that why you're asking me now, and no other reason at all?"

"Ah, no, it isn't. It isn't surely."

And then he spoke of it no more. . . . There was a great quietness upon his mind, quiet like of old, before he had begun to come here. Let her think of him what she liked. Her words were hard, and she did not understand. He felt now that she might never be able to understand. . . . So where was the use? He was trembling as he stood there by his drink at the counter. . . . She was not the same girl now. Oh, no, nor never again. . . .

"Don't you know well I'm engaged to that Castleconnor lad anyway?"

He knew now, of course, and then he did not seem to want to know, for he remained dead silent. He seemed to remain a long time there imprisoned in himself, until he was roused by hearing, from beyond what seemed a great distance, Essie laughing in the sitting-room. . . . It was the very same as the laughter he had heard by the archway of "Smiling Bess." The Castleconnor lad was in there with her now, and they were going to be married. . . . He was already in the moment of his second great resolve. . . . Ah, yes. It was the thing that should be done, the right thing now. He moved towards the door of the room, surprised the while how easy it was to do this thing now. . . .

"Excuse me," he said, walking right in and surprising Essie upon the young man's knee, "but I was going home, and it's how I didn't like to go without wishing yous a great dale of joy. . . ."

He did not know whether he had shaken hands with the young man or not, or how he had left the house, for already he was out of the house and far down the road. It did not seem so hard to

pass the face of "Smiling Bess" now, for it seemed that it might be a long time before he should pass it in day-time or dark again. He was going like some truant lover towards his own fields again. But would they understand? Maybe they would understand. The dumbness that had been upon him, and the waiting and waiting, until he had lost. He would be always telling them of that now until maybe they would smile again.

This, surely was, his third and more certain resolve—to make them smile again . . .

But he had wasted himself and them. He was not the man he had been, nor were they the fields the Weldons had left him.

. . . Make them smile again . . . If they broke into laughter at him altogether, what kind of laughter would it be?

That would be his life now, he thought, to prevent this from coming. He must hold himself and give himself to that battle. The people would laugh at him, maybe, but the fields. . . Ah, no, they could never have the heart to do it. But he had thought the same way once of Essie . . . And yet . . . and yet, because of her, the fields were lovelier and kindlier than ever before.

It was her face still that he saw in them, and maybe she would never . . . never laugh at him again.

And so "Smiling Bess" could hold no terror for him any more.

# The Silence of Music

BY T. G. KELLER

The great paradox of music is that it does not achieve its being till it reaches silence. Music moves in the troubled world of sound, but its home is elsewhere. And it is about the world where it dwells that it always wants to tell. Only we mortals, with our well-intentioned but uninspiring ways, will not let it. We continually keep it hampered, an alien, an exile in our little sphere of human sound.

Words are crutches, hopelessly inadequate to describe music. They let us down—they falter, stumble, grope and stagger, often stifle us. No single set of terms can describe the vitally complete and complex thing that is music. We have always to bring in the opposite idea.

And so it becomes necessary when writing about this magic web that humans have stumbled into, to insist that it is not wholly concerned with sound, that at its point of perfection there arises an element of ecstatic being which can only be roughly indicated by some such word as silence.

There is a moment of exquisite and delicious poignancy very frequently experienced by music lovers. It induces usually a sense of loneliness. This is not the true silence. But it is in a region bordering very closely on that perfect rapture. It comes as a sort of test. The full fruition of the art is not for everybody. Those who stay in the emotion of loneliness, or those who shrink from it, are both alike found wanting for further progress.

Those who stay become a little too self-possessed. It is an entrancing but dangerous state of being. Personal failings and dissatisfactions are wiped out, a glow of pleased acceptance of one oneself arises, and the poignancy that should sting and drive to the heights is whittled down to a mere thrilling sense of physical risk. Those who shrink are usually cleaner, better, nobler souls, but lacking in the great cardinal quality of courage. They are susceptible creatures. They feel too deeply. And when the naked sword of the spirit flashes they know it for what it is. The pangs of dissolution strike their physical frame. The brain seems about to burst, the heart to stop beating, and in terror they turn back and fly from the excruciating torture of this consum-



mating bliss, whose delights can only be purchased at a price too high for them to pay.

These are the wayfarers of music. Their chief desire is to browse placidly along the smooth and comfortable pasture lands. Danger has no lure for them. The joy of conquering impassable crag and rock will be forever unknown to them, and their heaven consists, so long as it lasts, in the undulating sway of grassy fields beneath softly shod feet.

It is possible for the human mind to conceive of silence in a universe where no collision or rupture of vibration exists. This is essential, unexpressed silence. But the silence of music incorporates and assimilates the jarring incoherencies of physical noise, and transmutes them into the ethereal web of nothingness that comprises everything.

In other words, if my trail of thought may be hit, music gives utterance to silence, lends it expression. It rebounds upon the consciousness as a revelation. It reverberates in hollow passages of surmise and mystery. It is always in a sense non-existent, and is known only when it has passed away. One snatches at it, clutches its fading footsteps, and finds nothing but evasion and the lingering fragrance of a tremendous crisis, an overwhelming passion, that has passed by.

It stands poised on ephemeral inconsistencies. It is a wave about to break, a bird about to wing, and its existence, pledged in a mere moment of physical halting—what is it, but a quiver, a ripple, a little sobbing sigh in the passionless marble of eternity? Yes, this is the phrase that really illuminates the mystery of human music to the intuitions. For it unites opposites, makes contrasts harmonious. This mystery that we call music is a pulse of life shooting through the white radiance of a solid marble statue. It is the unbelievable dream come true in space and time. It is denser than granite, more ethereal than light, for in the slowly-moving vibration of musical sound there is a way opened for the human soul to enter the central halls of being where opposites are for ever united.

These paradoxes are the only way whereby this miracle that lies in music may be hinted at. And they will only be tolerated by those who have felt something of the reality. It is like the jump whereby mortals assure themselves of the existence of a spiritual world. No bridge of reasoning spans this gulf. It is

only done by faith, "the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." Substitute "music" for "faith" and "heard" for "seen,"—and there is my definition of the power of the silence of music. The passage reads then : *Now music is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not heard.* Unless you get something more than what you have heard, you have not come to the secret of music. For music is really sound slaying itself, to live again in silence. It is our modern symbol of the god who lives to die, and dies to live. And how better can the mystery of his ritual be expressed than in "the sound of the cornet, flute, harp, sackbut, psaltery, and all kinds of musick?"

The greatest music is sacrificial and redemptive in a way that no other human art is. For it brings us directly to the core of spiritual life, which is always silence to human ears.

# In France

BY VINCENT O'SULLIVAN.

An article which appeared in the London *Daily News* not long ago, provoked a marked reaction in Paris. The writer claimed that Paris at present is serious and drab and dull. He said he was relieved to get back to London which he finds amusing. To say that London is more agreeable than Paris seems a paradox to the French, who have believed the opposite for centuries ; and, indeed, I have seldom met any one not English, or at any rate, native of the British Isles or the British Colonies, who really liked London.

In every country it is better for the native than for the foreigner. The French can't understand how anybody can find Paris dull. But most English people can't understand why the French find London dull. The Germans, however, realized that Berlin was dull, and they set to work to brighten it up. Foreigners with heaps of money, who have many friends, find Paris, even as it is, very enticing. But to the average foreigner of average spending capacity, Paris, after a week or two, must seem a great bore. If he knows the language imperfectly, or not at all, his intercourse must be limited to casuals. It is noticeable that the foreigners who are in Paris for any length of time, group together according to their nationalities, and have but superficial relations with the natives. The Latin-Americans are to some extent an exception. They are said to form the richest foreign colony in Paris.

In no big European city is life easy since the war, either for natives or visitors, unless they have much money. Paris is no exception. Many of the things which made its charm are gone, and can never come back. The violent and dangerous street traffic, the brutality of manners which the Parisians have contracted from the pervading foreign elements, a general mistrust, an abiding hoggishness, have killed almost all that was pleasant in Paris except its physique, and that is being tampered with too. The present rulers of the city seem to have lost utterly the tact and taste which influenced their elders. An absurd statue of some saint or other lately set up on a bridge mars the view along the Seine towards the Nôtre-Dame ; the new Boulevard Haussmann has no character at all—it might have been imported ready-made from Melbourne or Milwaukee.

But was Paris ever really a gay city—gay as Venice, for in-



stance, was in the days of its glory—except during the twenty years of the Second Empire? In the eighteenth century neither Horace Walpole nor Gibbon nor Hume seemed to find it gayer than London. Sterne said he was tired of Paris because of the eternal seriousness of the French. If we take two contemporary novels of the same character, “Tom Jones” and “Le Paysan Parvenu,” the gaiety of life and manners is certainly not on the French side. Nobody claims that Paris was a gay or amusing city under Napoleon. Under Louis-Philippe it got cheerier; and it became really a brilliant place under the third Napoleon.

The best advertizing agent Paris ever had was the Prince of Wales, afterwards Edward the Seventh. It was known all over that he favoured Paris, and people thought that where he went to willingly must be a bright place. And it was a bright place in his time. That was the time of the Second Empire, and the earlier days of the Third Republic, which carried over some of the spirit of the Empire. Those were the days chronicled by George Augustus Sala, Grenville Murray, Ouida, and some others who created the legend of “Gay Paree.” Those were the days of the *boulevardiers*, of sensational duels, of Offenbach and Hortense Schneider and the best Sarah Bernhardt, when a very pleasant life could be led at a moderate price. To-day, there is more luxury in Paris: it is a heavy international luxury, it costs much more, and it is not gay.

The writer in the *Daily News* thinks that the dark clothes which Frenchmen wear add to the morose aspect of the city. This will change no doubt; it is already changing, but very slowly. The Frenchman of the middle-class, the bourgeois, dons gaudy raiment with reluctance. Once over thirty or so, he has his family and public opinion against him if he tries to keep young. When he timidly makes an effort, he earns a look of pity and contempt, and the remark: “That is not fit for your age.” It used to be the same for women, but the French woman now dares to keep young. The man doesn’t. Public opinion is too strong for him. If a professor were to present himself clad in the light tweeds seen at Oxford and Cambridge, his colleagues would begin to think there was something wrong with him, that his morals needed looking after. He would rouse great suspicion. And that would be a brave clerk in a government office who should face the sarcasms of his fellows in a silver-grey suit on a working-day.

## II.

It is often said that the French are the most touchy people on earth as to patriotism; that they introduce patriotism into subjects with which it should have nothing to do. It is so. Still, it cannot be said that they prefer in any marked way their own men of genius, or that the path is easier for the genius in France than elsewhere. In the literary history of no other country have the tragedies been more ghastly than in that of France. A flourishing publisher has been airing his opinions in a morning paper and giving out the usual old razzle-dazzle about the publisher being the disinterested servant of the author, whom he lives only to sustain. He takes columns of a newspaper to put out twaddle of that kind, when the truth could be said in a few lines—the truth being, of course, that the one object of the publisher is to get money for *himself* out of his publications. M. Grasset actually says that a career like Verlaine's would be to-day impossible; that a beneficent publisher would be only too eager to float him on money-bags. The fact is, that if a poet, as original as Verlaine came along to-day he would have the same difficulties, and no publisher would risk money on him. Verlaine is now assimilated; his poems are read by school-girls; what was new in them, and therefore shocking, seems no longer new. M. Grasset judges by the Verlaine of to-day, not by the Verlaine who was struggling fifty years ago and whom very few allowed to be a genius.

But let us leave literature to look at something else. Let us look at music. It is impossible to say that the great French composers have been favoured in France. Berlioz was often face to face with stark poverty. His difficulties in getting his works performed nearly broke his heart. César Franck sweated as a church-organist, snubbed by his employers, and thoroughly unappreciated at his true value. Debussy, a man of genius if ever there was one, who innovated in his way almost as much as Wagner, who created a new music—well, I remember myself reading at the time some of the scurrilities which the music critics printed about Debussy. Even to-day Debussy is not in his due place. His name figures on programmes, but his *Pelleas et Melisande* is not often given—not near so often as *Cavalleria Rusticana*—and there is no real enthusiasm for him. He certainly is not popular. I notice at concerts that musicians, even French

musicians, who play Beethoven and Bach and Liszt by heart, when it comes to Debussy, get out their scores.<sup>1</sup>

The French musicians who came to great notoriety and an easy life in France during the last seventy-five years, were Gounod and Massenet and Saint-Saens. They were inferior to the men who did not have an easy life, Gounod and Massenet extremely inferior. At the present moment none of the chief orchestra conductors would dream of putting their names on his programmes, and even Saint-Saens figures seldom. As to Gounod, I think there is a kind of injustice. Some of his music deserves more respect than it gets. His fault, in what is called his religious music, is that he treated religious themes sentimentally. The words are not sentimental at all. For him who believes the Christian dogmas, they are awful, and sometimes even terrible; for him who does not, they are stark implorations. But Gounod had an essentially theatrical mind. Hence such tricks as women's or boy's voices warbling to give the effect of angels. He should be left to the theatre. But the Churches have got hold of him, or, to speak better, some priests and ministers of the Gospel without an ecclesiastical sense. Gounod is impossible without women. One hears him in the wrong conditions: while his music should be given in theatrical conditions, one hears it shouted and squawked by tenth-rate mixed church-choirs. And one sickens of it. *Mors et Vita* is perhaps a wallow of sentiment; but then this music, even heard in fair conditions, recalls so many things alien to it on account of the places where it has been heard before, that it is hard to judge it on its merits. In Paris, if the *Pie Jesu* is by chance given in a concert-hall, there are always some people snuffling. This is not the effect of the music, but of recollections of funerals. "The last time I heard that was at my poor aunt's funeral. Dear me, how sudden!" To realize how unfitted Gounod was by temperament to write church music, one has only to recall his *Ave Maria*—a piece for a movie-palace, music utterly unsuited to the state of mind which the words suppose. But *Faust* and *Romeo et Juliette* have good things not a few, and *Philémon et Baucis* contains passages which are quite masterly. In these he was breathing his native air. However, the modern French conductor plays Spohr oftener than he plays Gounod, and he would

<sup>1</sup> Debussy's instrumental music, however, is now played very often at concerts, at least in Paris. This result is perhaps in part due to pressure brought to bear by publishers of his works who have a financial interest in them.



much rather play Spohr. Gounod he wants as much as he wants Arthur Sullivan ; that is to say, not at all.

The causes which govern the prevalence and decay of the reputation of musicians are harder to understand than in the case of writers and painters. No doubt, a romantic career helps somewhat. The books of Guy de Pourtalès on Liszt and Chopin, which have made the lives of these musicians familiar to the general public, are certainly among the reasons why their names appear so often on concert programmes just now. Wagner and Mozart, and from a certain standpoint, Beethoven and Schumann, and even Schubert, are romantic figures, intensely interesting by the drama of their lives. He is a dull dog indeed who makes a dull book about any one of them. The events of Debussy's life, on the other hand, were not romantic—at least so far as they are known ; and that is probably the reason why the written matter about him is so meagre and poor. A Pourtalès could not make anything telling out of Debussy's life. But this is only a partial argument. For take the Irishman, John Field, who was born in Dublin in 1782. Where in the wide world is his music heard ? His name conveys nothing to anybody except a few professional historians of music. Yet he surely had a romantic career. In the first half of the last century his vogue was immense. He opened new roads in piano music ; he had a marked influence on Chopin, and on many another. He might be worth reviving. Liszt, who did not make mistakes, wrote of Field with admiration and evident sincerity. Liszt may have been a little insincere at times, but from praising Field he had nothing to gain either socially or professionally. I don't say that he would have praised Field against his thought if he had. He was one of the most admirable and generous characters that has ever existed, whose music is only now beginning to be estimated at its worth. But in his praise of Chopin, for instance, there is at times a magniloquence which is hard to reconcile with perfect sincerity. Chopin himself, according to a conversation reported by Legouvé, seemed to doubt the sincerity of Liszt's admiration. He was wrong probably ; but it is possible that Liszt did not admire Chopin so unreservedly as he said he did. Chopin drew after him a train of admirers, rich, and of much social influence, mostly women ; and in an article written after one of Chopin's concerts, Liszt shews himself rather too aware of all that.

Here I may mention that a new life of Gérard de Nerval has just been published—*La Double Vie de Gérard de Nerval*, by René Bizet. The double life is the life, in St. Paul's phrase, which is in the body and out of the body. M. Bizet's book, rather an embroidery on known facts than a set biography, is quite picturesque, full of imaginative and imaginary details. Whether it be a satisfactory explanation of Gérard or not does not much matter. But that double life, in St. Paul's sense, that abstraction at times from temporal existence, Gérard shared with Chopin. Baudelaire is supposed to be the poet who corresponds to Chopin, and in Paris you may often see people at concerts where Chopin's music is played reading Baudelaire's poems to keep in tone. Certain poems of Gérard de Nerval seem to me much nearer, and nearer still, some poems of Rossetti. "Sister Helen," its alternative langour and hurry, and final dismay and panic, "The Song of the Bower," "Stratton Water," some others, are the nearest things in words I know to certain musics of Chopin. Poe too, not the Poe of the highly mechanical set poems, but the Poe of some of his prose, in which he was much more genuinely a poet. The livid autumn dawn, opening cold and grey on a rainy night, which Poe suggests, that is Chopin in despair.

But with Baudelaire, Chopin has at least one thing in common : he is threatened with a like fortune. It is known that Baudelaire for long years after his death was regarded as a poet reserved to the few and chosen. The Symbolists wrapped him in a napkin as their most cherished treasure that the outer air would tarnish. For them he was an esoteric poet like Mallarmé. It qualified a man to say he knew Baudelaire. As for women, they were deemed mostly incapable of knowing him. Then, just after the war, the copyright fell out. Cheap editions of Baudelaire's poems appeared on all sides. They were simply grabbed up by the public. Baudelaire was a success. To-day, you may find his verses on picture-postcards. Some of his lines have become hackneyed from their continual employment by journalists. Not long ago, a music-hall made a scene out of material taken from his poems.

So I think it may be at some near day with Chopin. Everybody who can strum a piano tries his or her hand at an Impromptu or an Etude or a Polonaise. He diverts the evenings of families who have a daughter or a daughter-in-law who was taught the piano at school. I have heard him played in cafés to great applause.

I have even heard him whistled. Every remarkable Chopin performer is watched by a number of people who are obviously not at all moved by the music *quâ* music, but interested in the mechanism and technique. They want to see how to do it themselves when they get home. Of course there are certain parts of Chopin's work, as there are possibly certain parts of Baudelaire's poems, which will always be inaccessible to the mob. But enough remains to make a bagman's holiday. And as with Baudelaire, what gives one pause is the quality of some of his admirers. Would a really great poet, a really great musician, be admired by such asses and cows? It must be supposed so, for Chopin was, beyond question, a great musician.

### III.

Old Léon Bloy, roaring from his Patmos on top of Montmartre, the last Father and policeman of the Church, bringing down his club as one who chastiseth what he loveth, included in his invectives, as did Huysmans, the clergy who organized services to Gounod's music, bleated by men and women from the opera and theatres. It cannot be said that the French clergy took his remonstrances with Christian resignation; they took them very ill indeed, and considered the last Father of the Church a man drunk with the wine of the devil. And to this day, though Bloy be now some ten years dead, the same animosity endures in ecclesiastical quarters. Not Maritain, the Catholic philosopher, not all the efforts of sundry Jesuits and Oratorians, can bring people who accept Huysmans, Barbey d'Aureville, Verlaine, Villiers de l'Isle-Adam, Mauriac, and other "Catholic" writers very grudgingly, to accept Bloy. For, while the others are more or less unsatisfactory as to morals, Bloy is unsatisfactory as to manners. He went out and did battle with the priests in the open: he insulted them in their most cherished notions. He dubbed the Dominican, Didon, *le révérend Père Judas*. To force the miracle-working Virgin of La Sallette on the Catholics, he attacked the traffic at Lourdes. Nor did he reserve his compliments for the clergy. Paul Bourget was one of his favourite butts, with some other lay pillars of the Church.

Yet Bloy has his followers among the searchers of sweetness and light—of one of which qualities, at least, he had himself all too little—and among deeply religious souls. This is



proved by the frequent reprinting of his books : in the last few months two volumes of his letters have been published, letters which in greatest part are concerned with the things of the spirit. For Bloy was deeply religious, and perhaps, when all's said, a saint. His violence and rage was the holy wrath of the prophets. He might have taken his motto from the psalmist : *Zelus domus tuae comedit me*. That is possibly why some Jews find him to their liking. There are those who declare they have been converted to Catholicism by reading Bloy, and among them, Jews. To speak for myself, I can take nothing from Bloy, any more than I can from Carlyle, with whom Bloy is sometimes compared. What I see to admire in them are purely literary qualities—their vividness, their power of putting life into a figure, and with that their prophetic tone, resounding indeed mostly in a vacuum, their calling down the lightnings of heaven to blast a twig, their exaggeration, strength of denunciation. Bloy was not so broad as Carlyle ; he had not Carlyle's humour and humanity. Bloy was never ironical, seldom even satirical ; his method was invective, and in that he has never been equalled by Juvenal, or Swift, or Carlyle, or anyone else I know, except the prophet Jeremiah, and the author of the Book of Revelations. What Jowett said so well of Carlyle is equally true of Bloy : his powers of expression outran his intelligence. Both, in the last resource, solve things by the Bible and the sword. When Bloy is at a loss for arguments, he settles the question by whipping out a text of Scripture, or even a saying taken from the life of some saint, and shouts at his opponent : " If that is not good enough for you, you can go to Hell, and go there you will if I have anything to do with it." The sour Presbyterianism which was at the depth of Carlyle, as the charming and brilliant Jane Carlyle clearly saw, was matched by a narrow intolerance in Bloy. He had the advantage of operating in the wide field of a great international Church ; had he been a Protestant, he would have lost weight in tilting against the thousand little sects which spring up in every suburb.

I have heard a story about him which shews how unworldly he was, how unworldly it is possible for a man to be even in Paris. Bloy one day presented himself at the office of *La Plume*, a little Symbolist magazine, now extinct, and said in a cavernous voice : " I have need of five-hundred francs." " My dear Bloy," replied the editor, " I haven't got much more than my bus fare. But, I

can manufacture money." With that, he took a sheet of paper and wrote a few lines. Bloy went straight to the address indicated, and the five-hundred francs were paid at once. Some time later Bloy came to *La Plume* again. "I have need of twenty thousand francs." The editor stared. "Twenty thousand francs? I never expect to have that amount of money in the world." Bloy's goggle eyes began to roll dangerously. "What!" he roared. "You see I am in want, you can manufacture money, and you refuse to make me twenty thousand francs! Let me tell you that you are a low scoundrel."

Living in a world of visions and marvels where miracles, whether by saints or demons, might always be expected, to find a man in the centre of Paris, in an ordinary room, in full daylight, who could manufacture money, seemed to him nothing untoward.

Ludwig, King of Bavaria, "The Mad King," might have said something of that kind in like conditions. Guy de Pourtalès, after his biographies of Liszt and Chopin, has published what he calls the third volume of his trilogy: *Louis de Bavière, ou Hamlet-roi*. I need not dwell upon it as it was published in English before it was published in book-form in France. It is very interesting; probably there is no one else living who could do it so well; but it does not seem so good as the two others. The reason no doubt is that the main figure is more ungrateful, and the accompanying figures, Wagner and Nietzsche, not easy to tackle, even for a man with such a gift for biography as Pourtalès.

How rare that gift is, one realizes in reading a biography of Coleridge—*Coleridge, le Sonambule Sublime*, by Jean Charpentier. I believe it has been translated into English, but if ever a book was superfluous in English language countries, it is this. One who reads English can learn more about Coleridge from a few pages of Hazlitt or De Quincey or Lamb, than from all M. Charpentier's heavy book. The thing for M. Charpentier to have done was to make Coleridge interesting for foreigners by shewing him as he was. Instead, we have a book written on the plan of the English Men of Letters series, no better than an average volume of that series, and far below the best, such as Trollope's "Thackeray," and Cotter Morison's "Gibbon." Charpentier devotes gloomy pages to Coleridge's metaphysical speculations and suppresses all facts which tell against the morality of his hero. He is scandalously unfair to Southey, and never mentions what he must

know very well, that Coleridge's family found shelter under Southey's roof. Hazlitt was a second-rate writer inspired by the worst motives; and when Lamb quarrelled with Coleridge, all the wrong was on Lamb's side, who was out of his mind. That is probably what Coleridge thought!

It is a pity that Coleridge should be so clumsily shewn to the French, for presented with some talent, his life would be entertaining and also instructive. His "Table-Talk" is full of good ideas in which many, including Poe, whose æsthetic theories were almost all taken from Coleridge, have found their profit. Poe, who, among other things, was an American journalist, knew how to put these ideas across, and Coleridge did not; and through Poe they have gone up and down the world. Baudelaire took them from Poe, and from Baudelaire they permeated European literature generally. The "pure poetry" theory which is so much discussed in France just now in connexion with the Abbé Bremond and Paul Valéry, is attributed to Poe; but Poe found it in Coleridge. It is often so with ideas. Wilde did something of the same kind of thing with Pater, but Pater was by no means such an ample source as Coleridge.

A French reader must be often puzzled in reading Charpentier's book. He says that Coleridge joined the Unitarians, which conveys nothing to the general French reader, for he gives no explanation of what the Socinian position in England was. He should also have given a short sketch of social and political conditions in Coleridge's time, and especially of the precise social and political value of the Dissenters at the end of the eighteenth century. All that would be more useful than chapters about German metaphysics. The book seems to have no sale in France to speak of, and I have now given the reasons for that result.

Apparently it is as hard to write a good autobiography as a good biography. A Cellini, a Haydon, a Rousseau occur no oftener than a Boswell. Many a man and woman have had interesting lives, but to few of them is it given to make their lives interesting in story. The vast quantity of small-beer memoirs, which have appeared of late, those of the dancer, Isadora Duncan, among them, proves this truth up to the hilt.<sup>1</sup> Still another proof is *Mes Souvenirs du Symbolisme*, by André Fontainas.

<sup>1</sup> But for any one who knows anything about her, it is inconceivable that she wrote this book herself. I suppose she supplied the elements to some professional writer.



Names, names, strung together with commonplace reflections, and twaddling comment. And yet, here is a man, who however fuddled himself as a writer (he has to his account the worst life of Poe ever written, which is saying something !), was really in the centre of the movement he tries to describe. But his book, instead of movement, suggests stagnation. I have sometimes thought that the reason Watts-Dunton never wrote his reminiscences of the Preraphaelites, was that he felt himself incapable of doing it well, notwithstanding the unmatched material he had in hand.

As an example of how to write memoirs dealing with contemporaries may be cited Mme. Bibesco's recollections of the late king of Rumania and of Asquith, Earl of Oxford. These appeared in *L'Illustration* and, so far as I know, they have not been translated into English. The effect is obtained by a genuine literary gift allied to intuition which amounts to the second-sight. And Gyp (Comtesse de Martel), whose novels represented for less brutal and Americanized generations the very cream of Parisian wit—it seems strange enough to-day that they were thought wicked in the early eighteen-eighties—has recently published the alert and brilliant and amusing memoirs of a little girl under the Second Empire named Gabrielle de Mirabeau—who was Gyp herself. Writers male and female come and go, but who has the style of Gyp? As for the Symbolist movement, there are several volumes of reminiscences, the most remarkable being those of one of the most remarkable men that movement produced, René Ghil.

#### IV.

I have lately been reading two very remarkable novels, and if I were still innocent enough to be surprised at the operations of English and American publishers and their French agents, I suppose I might be surprised that neither of them has been translated. One of them is *L'Héritière du Roi Salomon*, by Claude Eylan. It is, in brief, the story of a French girl who inherits a vast estate in Dutch Java and sets to work to run it. But the interest lies not there. It lies in the intimate knowledge of the country and the natives, their customs, their superstitions, their crimes too, and to a skill in writing which brings the very climate and odour of that far-off land into our room. I am unable at the

end of an article to do justice to this excellent book, which should be placed on a level with Fielding Hall's book on Burma. The famous Goncourt prize was awarded a few weeks ago : those who bestowed it might have atoned for their many errors by giving it to Mme. Eylan. But they did nothing so creditable.

The other novel is *Le Venusberg*, by Vincent Brion. It relates the adventures of a French diplomat in London, who, through the wiles and blandishings of a woman of the aristocracy, becomes entangled in a secret society. That seems lurid, but as a matter of fact it is not.

"Immortal Paganism, art thou dead ? So they say :

But Pan scoffs under his breath, and the Sirens laugh."

Lady Roxton agreed with these lines of Sainte-Beuve. She wanted to restore the Pagan attitude towards life, or at least her conception of it. M. Brion's book is a novel on the traditional model, with the known formulas and means of realization. It is exactly planned, neatly packed, nothing is forgotten or neglected, not a string is left loose ; and with all that it is positively absorbing. Lady Roxton is one of the rare women in fiction who live and move ; you feel you would recognize her if she came in through the door. Not only her physical, but her spiritual reactions are convincingly registered : her early education as a Methodist rising up, for all her struggles, in the shape of remorse, to mar the performances she delights in, is surely a trait very true and moving. Her husband too is an exact rendering of a certain type of Englishman, so exact that he seems a portrait of some one the author has known. M. Brion knows England and the English very well, though he does occasionally call his Earl of Roxton Lord Charles, and Lady Roxton, the daughter of a Mr. Brockley of Birmingham, Lady Susan Roxton. But English titles are the last things the French will learn. Sir Austen Chamberlain, who is now a well-known figure in Paris, is to this day called Sir Chamberlain, as William Pitt was called Sir Pitt in the days of Napoleon.

M. Brion has written several books, but this is the only one of them I know. As to Claude Eylan, her publisher announces that she will publish a volume called "From Singapore to Moscow, *via* the China of the Soviets." It is sure to be interesting, even for those, such as myself, who don't care about books of travel. The only modern travel book I have ever managed to get through is

the Rumanian Princess Bibesco's journey in Persia, called *Les Huit Paradis*, which appeared some years ago. The kind of topographical book I like is "Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia," the author of which was never much nearer Abyssinia than Hammer-smith; or again, the visions of Ribemont-Dessaigues, who constructs China, Peru, and the lands round the Pole, in the valley of the Seine. To go to the countries described by Ribemont Dessaigues would be folly; it were to open a road to all the forms of disappointment.

Still, by way of conclusion, I will take a little journey across the Alps. *Questo è Rubè*, says the blurb on the cover of G. A. Borghese's novel. *Già tradotto in*—here follows a list of all the European languages. *Rube* is the history of a young Sicilian lawyer who goes to the war, gets wounded, returns, marries, has an intrigue with another woman, is accused of murder, acquitted, goes more or less crazy, and is finally killed in a revolt of the Labour party and Communists at Bologna. The character of Rube obviously proceeds from Dostoevsky. He is a blend of Dmitri Karamazov and Raskolnikov. But what seems natural in Russians seems disconcerting and incredible in an Italian. Still, Borghese, like Dostoevsky, writes under a system of political and social depotism, and as like causes produce like results, some of the traits of his hero which seem Russian may be, after all, the result of situation. Tolstoy, who was pretty free to write as he pleased in Russia, would have hard sledding in the Italy of to-day.

Borghese's contribution to the social and political criticism of his time is not very marked or informative. One is surprised by certain omissions. Mussolini is not mentioned at all. D'Annunzio is mentioned only once in passing: the Fiume episode is entirely left out. But I am willing to believe that Borghese prefers to remain silent on certain topics rather than adulterate his thought. We may take it as a parable when he relates that Rube, on a night of storm, sees scrawled in black chalk on the wall of a railway station: "Fools and blasphemers, the earth does *not* move." To such devices are men driven who write under a censorship.

If his hero is Russian—the conversation with the priest, the long monologue in the shabby hotel-room where he has refuted for the night, the debates on suicide, the feverish and aimless wandering, are all pure Dostoevsky—the general plan of Borghese's



novel is constructed, not on Russian but on French principles, and on principles which have seen their day in France—those of the Realists and Naturalists. The last scenes of *Rube*, the crowd, the riot, the hospital, the arrival of the wife big with child, etc., are so many reminders of Zola. But Zola has written greater novels than *Rube*, great frescos like *Germinal* which *Rube* comes not near. D'Annunzio, also in his early books was influenced by the French realists, but he could never bridle his tendency to sterile declamation to the sobriety of statement which the French insisted upon. Borghese is more successful in that respect. But he is not free from D'Annunzioism. The impression he leaves is that he knows he has contracted that malady, and is doing his best to struggle against it.

But after all, it is an English writer that *Rube* recalls most—an English author who rendered the influence of the French Naturalists in a very personal way. If the scene and characters of the Italian book were English, it would be called a George Gissing kind of book. It is not so good a book as some of Gissing's from any point of view, and whereas Gissing goes often to the root of human misery, Borghese keeps on the surface. Its huge sale may be explained by the fact that it comes home to a large number of men as a pretty fair expression of their case—men who believed in the war, fought in it, perhaps were wounded, and then found that all their chances in life were gone,—inadaptable, oldened and poverty-stricken, their moral as well as their physical system shell-shocked.

# "Who Fears To Speak?"

*In One Act.*

BY GERALD MACNAMARA

Period 1797.

*The scene is laid in an upper room in a Belfast tavern. The room is the rendezvous of a number of men of revolutionary principles, who, in order to avoid suspicion and arrest, cloak themselves under the name of the "Muddlers' Club."*

## Stage Setting.

*The room is very dingy in appearance ; both walls and furniture. Near the centre of the back wall is a small window with dull red curtains pulled back. A framed, printed copy of the "Muddlers' Club" rules hangs on the wall to the left of the window. On the right wall is the only door in the room, half way up stage. Further up stage is a bookcase. On the left wall is a cupboard, down stage. Half way up stage is a fireplace, but there is no fire, as it is mid-summer. There are four tables and about a dozen chairs of all makes and shapes.*

*The action of the play takes place about dusk.*

## Characters in the Play :

JOHN NEWELL	.	.	an Artist.	} Members of "The Muddlers' Club."
JOE NEILL	.	.	an Editor.	
SAMUEL DODD	.	.	a "Strong" Farmer.	
CHARLES O'HANLON	.	.	a Gentleman.	
BELLA	.	.	a Serving Maid.	
LORD CASTLEREAGH.				
MAJOR SIRR.				
NAPPER TANDY.				

## Description of the Characters.

John Newell is a young man of thirty, he is an artist, and has all the appearance of it. He is the only man in the play who wears a beard. He is very conceited of his ability and appearance. He is cowardly, and would be a villain if the play lasted longer. He is an Atheist.

Joe Neill is a man of forty. He is proprietor, editor and foreman printer of “ The Northern Constellation.” He is a happy-go-lucky sort of person, and is a little careless in his dress. Normally he may be a man of abstemious habits, but he is undoubtedly “ under the influence ” during the action of this play. He goes to church—irregularly.

Samuel Dodd is a “ strong ” farmer, who is inclined to domineer over anyone who will stand it. He is very dogmatic on religious points. He has a tattered blue blanket hanging up on the wall of his parlour, a relic brought over from Scotland by his Covenanter forefathers. He was a rebel before he was born. He is a man over fifty. He is an elder in his Church.

Charles O’Hanlon is a youth about twenty-one. He is tall, of gentlemanly appearance, and has the deportment of a hero. He is a Catholic and well-to-do (a rare combination in Ireland in those days).

Bella is a serving maid in the tavern where the “ Muddlers ” meet, but she is new to the job. She is very pretty, but rather “ forward.” She is the only one in the play who has a pronounced North of Ireland accent.

*All the above characters are dressed in the fashion of the period, but the colours of the costumes are sombre. Bella wears clogs.*

The characters of Lord Castlereagh, Major Sirr, and Napper Tandy are too well known to require description.

Lord Castlereagh is dressed in black. Major Sirr has a bright red coat. Napper Tandy has a bright green coat.

### *Music.*

Before the curtain rises the orchestra strikes up “ Who fears to speak of Ninety-eight ? ” and this is blended off until the first words are spoken.

The rub-a-dub of a kettle-drum starts at the same moment as the orchestra starts, but continues longer and gradually fades into the distance. The drum is beaten *behind* the scenes.

At the words of Bella, “ I like the horse sodgers,” a fife and drum is heard *faintly* ; it continues until the words (Newell’s) “ a disciple of Tom Paine.” The air is the “ Marseillaise.”

At the words of Bella, “ I just thought there was something



quare," the fife and drum start close at hand, and play gradually, getting fainter, and so out of hearing.

When Major Sirr is changing his clothes to Napper Tandy's, the orchestra should start to play "The Wearing of the Green." This should be continued until the final words, "The Lord works in a mysterious way——"

All this time the music should be very faint, but as the curtain is descending it should gradually reach to full strength.

### "WHO FEARS TO SPEAK?"

*As the curtain rises the orchestra is playing (faintly) "Who fears to speak of Ninety-eight?"*

*John Newell is discovered seated about the centre of the stage. He is making a pencil drawing of the serving maid as she stands on a table, posed as the goddess of Liberty. She is draped in the old faded green tablecloth which belongs to the table she is standing on. She wears a red handkerchief round her head, and carries a feather duster in her upraised hand, in lieu of a torch.*

*Before and for a minute after the curtain rises the rub-a-dub of a kettle-drum is heard off, accompanied by the tramp of soldiers.*

JOHN NEWELL (*carelessly speaking as he draws*): What is that?

BELLA (*with a sneer*): The Yeos.

JOHN NEWELL: What are the Yeos?

BELLA (*quickly*): The summer sodgers.

JOHN NEWELL: Ah, you mean the Royal Antrim Yeomanry.

BELLA: Ah, that's too fancy a name for them fellas.

JOHN NEWELL: You don't like the Military, I see.

BELLA: Ach, I don't know (*then quickly*)—I like the horse sodgers.

*(A fife and drum is heard faintly playing "The Marseillaise.")*

There's a band (*excitedly*).

JOHN NEWELL: Keep steady, please. Don't move. (*A pause.*

*He is intent on his work*). I thought it was illegal to play the "Marseillaise" in Belfast.

BELLA: So it is. You could be flogged for it.

JOHN NEWELL (*still engrossed in his work*): Could I?

BELLA: Aye—sure the Yeos flogged poor oul' blind Paddy for playing the Marshall-aisy.

JOHN NEWELL: How shocking.

BELLA : And him only playing it on a tin whistle.

JOHN NEWELL : The brutes. (*A pause*).

BELLA : Have you near done, Mister. I've got the "pins and needles" in my arm.

JOHN NEWELL : My dear girl, don't forget that you are the goddess of liberty—for the moment.

BELLA : It's a quare long "moment."

JOHN NEWELL : I have almost finished ; just raise your arm a lee-tle higher—that's better, thanks. (*Pause*). The Yeos ought to have been ashamed of themselves to flog a poor blind man.

BELLA : Aye (*with a sneering laugh*), but they rued the day they done it.

JOHN NEWELL : How was that ?

BELLA : Sure their barracks was wrecked on them.

JOHN NEWELL : Who did that ?

BELLA : The boys. The Meetin'-house boys.

JOHN NEWELL : The Meeting-house boys ? I don't quite under——

BELLA : The boys-what-go-to-meetin'. I suppose you're "Church" ?

JOHN NEWELL : "Church" ?—"Church" ? Oh, I see now what you mean. Oh dear no. I am an Atheist.

BELLA : A what ?

JOHN NEWELL : A disciple of Tom Paine.

BELLA (*laughs*) : A disciple ? Ach, indeed (*solemnly*). You might *well* be with that beard (*laughs, but John Newell is quite serious*). Excuse me bein' personal, mister, but—sure you're only makin' a cod of me—standin' up here like a—a—"duck-at-the-table" (*makes an attempt to come down from the table*).

JOHN NEWELL : Oh, please Bella, *please*, my dear Goddess—have a little patience—just for another minute. Now you may lower your arm. I have done with it.

BELLA : Thanks be to God (*lowers her arm with a sigh of relief*).

JOHN NEWELL : I'm at your *legs* now.

BELLA : What (*looks down in alarm*) ?

JOHN NEWELL : At the drapery round your legs, I mean. You're absurdly modest, Bella.

BELLA : If my mother knew I showed as much as my *ankles*—she would turn in her grave.

JOHN NEWELL : What would your mother have thought of the  
*"tout ensemble"*?

BELLA : Beg pardon.

JOHN NEWELL : I say, Bella—why did the Meeting-house boys  
 take Paddy's part? Does Paddy go to Meeting-house?

BELLA : Look here, young fella. Did you ever hear tell of anyone  
 of the name of Paddy goin' to Meetin'? Have sense, man.

JOHN NEWELL : Then why did the Meeting-house boys take  
 Paddy's part?

BELLA : Sure the Chapel boys and the Blackmouths are as thick  
 as thieves in Belfast. Where do you come from?

JOHN NEWELL (*rising*) : From Paris.

BELLA : I just thought there was something quare—  
*(Band strikes up the "Marseillaise" just under the window.  
 Bella jumps down from the table).* The band. The band.  
*(Rushes to the window, looks out, then back at John Newell).*  
 Come on, mister, come on. Ye're missin' all the value. *(The  
 crowd outside is singing, cheering, etc.)* Come on.

JOHN NEWELL (*sitting down again, and admiring his drawing*) :  
 What's the row?

BELLA : There's no row yet. They're just celebratin'.

JOHN NEWELL : They're always celebrating something in Belfast.  
 What is it now? Surely not the battle of the Boyne?

BELLA : Naw—thon oul' thing. It's the Battle of the Ba—a—steel.

JOHN NEWELL (*half to himself*) : I was at the *real* fall of the  
 Bastille, but they didn't make such a d—d fuss over it.  
*(Two or three shots are heard).* Come from the window, girl  
*(jumping to his feet).* Do you want to be shot?

BELLA : Them lads wouldn't shoot *me*.

JOHN NEWELL : But a bullet might ricochet.

BELLA : Might what? Away ar that, them's only Jumpin' Jennies.

JOHN NEWELL (*going over and dragging Bella from the window.*  
*She resists—there is a struggle. At this moment Samuel Dodd*  
*appears at the door, he is followed by Joe Neill, who is heard*  
*(off) singing "March on. March on—ye sons of—").*

SAM (*looking back into the passage*) : Joseph :—S-s-sh! There  
 are strangers within our gates.

JOE NEILL (*coming on behind Samuel. He has "vine leaves in his  
 hair"*). Ahem! (*John Newell looks round, and takes his arms  
 from Bella*).



SAM: So it is you, Mr. Newell.

JOHN NEWELL: I hope so, Mr. Dodd.

JOE NEILL: Aha! my gay Lothario, we've caught—— (*Bella picks up tray from table*).

SAM: Joseph! Leave this to me. (*To John Newell*). Is this—a—*person* here—on your invitation?

JOHN NEWELL: This—a—lady is——

BELLA (*pushing John Newell aside*): Leave this to me. Allow me to tell you, mister, that I am no *person*. I am the new maid.

JOE NEILL: Aye, and you'll never be an *old* maid. What do they call you, girl?

SAM: Joseph!

BELLA: An' what's more, I'm here on nobody's invitation. I'm waitin' on orders.

SAM: Orders? Orders? What kind of orders?

BELLA: Orders for drink.

SAM: Drink?

BELLA: Aye, *drink*. Did you never hear tell of *drink*? Wine, brandy, rum or porter? I thought this was the "Muddlers' Club." Heth you're a quare lot of Muddlers that never heard of *drink*.

JOE NEILL: Well, I'm not one of *that* sort. Bring me a glass of rum, my lass (*chucks her under the chin*).

SAM: *Joseph*! Remember what the Scripture says—"Look not upon the wine when it is red."

JOE NEILL: But there's not a word in the Bible against rum, Samuel.

SAM: *Joseph*! I stand corrected—it occurs in "The Pilgrim's Progress."

JOE NEILL: You're all muddled, Samuel, you're thinkin' of "Robinson Crusoe." Here girl, take my order.

SAM: *Joseph*! You have imbibed enough to-day, and (*whispers*) we have very serious business to transact to-night. (*Aloud*) Wine is a mocker, Joseph, and strong drink is——

J. NEWELL: Bring me a pint of wine, Bella.

BELLA: Yes sir, thank you, sir (*curtsies*).

JOE NEILL: Oh, it's Bella you call her. Bella, I have to please the old man, so I'll have nothing (*she is going*), but (*whispers*) bring two empty glasses with that wine (*exit Bella laughing*).

SAM: Citizens! (*sitting at back of centre table*) take your seats.

(*He produces a green and white cockade from his pocket and fastens it on the lapel of his coat, the other two follow suit*). Citizens we are now in conclave Citizen Secretary repeat the "United Irish" declaration.

JOE NEILL (*rising*): Hats off! Silence! (*speaks in sing-song fashion*)—"We, United Irishmen, composed of all creeds and classes, do here and now solemnly declare that we will work harmoniously together for the 'cause,' forgetting all religious differences, until further orders." Swear! (*They all stand, raise right arm, and sit down*).

SAM: Citizens! (*takes large envelope from his pocket*) I have here a document which contains a great political secret. I—a—a—.

J. NEWELL (*rising*): Citizen President, I am only a novice in this secret society; but I would venture to suggest that since you have a great political secret to divulge, would it not be prudent to *bolt* that door.

SAM: Citizen number thirteen, so long as this is the "Muddlers' Club" we will have no locks, bolts or bars.

J. NEWELL: But this meeting is illegal, it——

SAM AND JOE: Order!

J. NEWELL: I mean—as we are breaking the law of the land, should we not use ordinary caution?

SAM: Friend, this is no ordinary secret society. *We* do not wear masks. We do not carry daggers. Our safety lies in doing everything above board. The whole world supposes us to be a band of card-players, dice-throwers, gamblers, and wine-bibbers.

JOE NEILL: We're all supposed to be wine-bibbers.

SAM: Joseph! The Yeomen, the grand jury and the magistrates know us as the "Muddlers' Club." Do you think they suspect us of what *they* call "treason"—certainly not.

JOE NEILL: Never!

J. NEWELL: Then you think we are perfectly safe here?

SAM: As safe as Daniel in the den of lions.

JOHN NEWELL: Safe as a bank?

JOE NEILL: Safe as houses. (*There is a crash outside the door, caused by Bella falling with the tray, bottle, etc. The three conspirators jump to their feet, pull out their pistols and aim at the door*).

SAM : Keep back, whoever you are, at the peril of your life.  
(*Enter Bella, rubbing her knee*).

BELLA : Oh, God. Don't shoot ; you might hit a body. (*They quietly put away their firearms*). If I had a knew this was a shooting gallery—I wouldn't have took the job.

JOE NEILL : Where's the wine, girl ?

BELLA : It's on the flure. I fell and hurt my knee ( *rubs her knee*).

J. NEWELL (*rising*) : Oh, poor girl, can I help you. (*To Sam*) I have studied Artistic Anatomy in the Ecole des Beaux Arts in Paris, and——(*Bella is clearing up the mess*).

JOE NEILL : Keep your seat, my artistic friend—this is a job for a bonesetter (*rises*).

SAM (*pulling both into their seats*) : You will both keep your seats. Girl, go about your business, if you have any, and leave us in peace. (*Bella closes the door, making a great noise outside*). Citizens, I am ashamed of you.

JOE O'NEILL : Why ?

J. NEWELL : What for ?

SAM : We are assembled here to-night to heal the wounds of Granuail, not a housemaid's knee.

J. NEWELL : I am a humanitarian first and a patriot afterwards.

SAM : Citizen, number thirteen, when the fate of my country lies in the balance—I look upon a human knee as a—a—mere flea-bite. (*The others laugh*). Silence ! (*A pause*). It is written—"The laughter of fools is like to the crackling of thorns under a pot." (*Enter Bella with wine, etc. She is wearing a large green and white cockade in her hair. She trollops up to the centre table in her clogs. The others look aghast*).

SAM : Girl, by whose authority are you wearing that green cockade ?

BELLA (*leaving*) : Ach, sure they're all the fashion (*exit*).

SAM (*to Newell*) : What do you know of that hussy ?

J. NEWELL : Nothing. It's not an hour since I saw her first.

SAM : Shun her as you would shun the pestilence that walketh at noon-day. She is a spy.

JOE NEILL (*taking a drink*) : What about those documents, Samuel ?

SAM (*holding up large envelope*) : Citizens. I am the bearer of glad tidings. Napper Tandy has returned from France.



JOE NEILL : Huroo ! Huroo ! (*lifts his glass*). Here's to Napper Tandy—Ireland's hope (*drinks*).

J. NEWELL (*coolly holding his glass to the light*) : Who is Napper Tandy ?

JOE NEILL (*choking with his drink*) : Who—is—Napper Tandy ?

SAM (*shaking his head in pity for Newell's ignorance*) : Who is Napper Tandy ?

J. NEWELL : Yes, who is he ?

SAM : Joseph, is it not deplorable—here is an Irishman, a sworn man, asking who is the chief of our whole organisation. The best advertised Secret Society in the world. Shame !

J. NEWELL : You forget, citizens, that I am out of touch with Ireland. I have lived so long in France that I——

JOE NEILL : But Napper Tandy is a General in the French army. Surely you——

J. NEWELL : Ah, you mean Gen—e—ral Na partandee ?

SAM : Aye. He has assumed a French name. Do you know him ?

J. NEWELL : *Know* him ? Why, I would know him if I met him in my po-tage.

SAM : Young man, I do not know what po-tage is, but I'm sure you would not know Napper Tandy in it.

J. NEWELL : Why not ?

JOE NEILL (*winking at Newell*) : He's a slippery boy.

SAM : I am told that he is a genius at disguising himself.

J. NEWELL : Indeed !

JOE NEILL : He has deceived even Major Sirr.

J. NEWELL : Who is Major Sirr ? I don't know him.

JOE NEILL (*disgusted*) : You may see him soon enough.

SAM : Major Sirr is Chief of the Dublin Castle Secret Service. There are stories told of Napper Tandy actually talking to Major Sirr and he disguised as an English officer, a priest, a labourer, a professor, a pig-dealer, a——

JOE NEILL : He disguised himself once as a lamp-post in College Green (*filling himself another glass*), and the students hanged his own effigy on him (*laughs all to himself*).

SAM : There is a price on his head.

J. NEWELL : How much ?

SAM : A thousand guineas.

J. NEWELL : Good !

SAM : What do you mean by " good " ?

J. NEWELL : He owes me twenty francs (*laughs all by himself*).

SAM : Citizen number thirteen, you should not jest on such matters. I want to speak to you seriously. I am thankful that you know Napper Tandy, for nobody else here does. In case of imposture you will be here to identify him.

JOE NEILL (*filling another glass*) : Well, here's to the safe arrival of Napper Tandy (*drinks*). (*Charles O'Hanlon rushes in*).

C. O'HANLON : "Napper Tandy"! Have you news?

SAM : We expect him to-night.

C. O'HANLON : Where?

SAM : *Here*—at midnight.

C. O'HANLON (*waving his hat*) : Hurrah ! hurrah ! Did he bring Buonaparte ?

SAM : I am ignorant of our Chief's plans, but doubtless they are all contained in these dispatches (*holds up envelope*).

C. O'HANLON : Let me see. This is addressed to you, Citizen President. Why not open it ?

SAM : My orders forbid me to break the seal until the chief's arrival (*pulls envelope from C. O'Hanlon's hand*).

C. O'HANLON : Please let me press these precious papers to me heart. Do ! (*Sam hands back envelope reluctantly*). I feel certain these documents contain General Buonaparte's plan of campaign in Ireland. I see the light dawning on dear old Erin's shores. I see the harp without the crown. I see the wolf-dog standing up at last. Ah, the French are on the sea. I hear the call to arms—the war drums roll—the bugles call ta ta-ra ta ta ta ! (*notes of "Come to the cookhouse door"*). Oh, la Belle France, we hail thee to arms ! to arms ! (*draws an imaginary sword*).

BELLA (*marches in with two candles ; she sings*) : March on !  
March on ! Ye sons of France, M——

SAM : Hold that woman ! Do not let her leave the room.

BELLA : You're the quarest lot of Muddlers that ever——

SAM : Stop her tongue ! Oh, you she-Philistine. You eaves-dropping daughter of Eve.

BELLA : You's needn't be afeard of me clashin'. Sure I m one of *yous*.

SAM : What do you mean, you Carrickfergus Delilah.

BELLA : Newtownards, mister. Newtownards *is* my dwelling-place and heaven's my expectation.

SAM : Now, the cat's out of the bag—were you ever in Mount-stewart ?

BELLA : Of course I was.

SAM : The home of Castlereagh. The enemy of the people. Are you in his pay ?

BELLA : I *was* in his pay.

SAM : Citizens, she is a spy. Hear her confess—naked and unashamed (*covers his face with his hands*).

BELLA : Excuse yourself, mister.

SAM : Woman, you admit that you are a spy in the pay of Castlereagh.

BELLA : I admit nothing of the sort (*starts to weep*). I only worked in his laundry.

J. NEWELL : You brute. Don't harass the poor girl. I know she worked in the Castlereagh laundry.

SAM : But we must curb her prying nature—she knows too much already.

BELLA : But I told you before and I'll tell you again—I'm one of you. I have took the oath.

C. O'HANLON	} ( <i>Altogether</i> )	{ Impossible !
JOE NEILL		{ Maybe she has
J. NEWELL		{ I believe her.

SAM : Oh, daughter of Judas, I will put you to our test (*He comes from behind that table and confronts her*). Are you straight ?

BELLA : Straight as a rush.

SAM : What have you got in your hand ?

BELLA : A green bough.

SAM : Where was it planted ?

BELLA : In America.

SAM : Where does it grow ?

BELLA : In France.

SAM (*turns from her and then back*). Who administered this oath to you, girl ?

BELLA : Sure if I told you that I would be breakin' my oath. You're a sore owl muddler.

JOE NEILL : The girl's right (*fills his glass*).

BELLA : Now, Mr. Sobersides, I'll put you to the test. I know " U " (*pause*). Answer me if you can. I know " U."

SAM (*reluctantly*) : I know " N."

BELLA : I know " I."



SAM : I know "T."

BELLA : I know "E."

SAM : I know "D."

BELLA AND } United.

SAM } United.

(*Bella embraces and kisses Sam*).

SAM : Friends, it is hard to disbelieve the evidence of one's senses, but yet—

BELLA : But yet—but yet *what* ? Do you want another kiss, you ould Noah's Ark ?

JOE NEILL : He's hard to convince, Bella. Buss him again, lass.

BELLA : He doesn't deserve it (*gives him another kiss*).

SAM (*holding out his arms*) : Sister.

BELLA : Now that's enough, big brother.

SAM : Sister, tell me, how did you discover that we "Muddlers" were "United" men ?

BELLA : Ach, sure that half the town knows *that* (*walks off briskly*).

J. NEWELL : Gentlemen, I think the game is up. We'd better clear out (*picks up his hat*).

C. O'HANLON : Stay a minute, Newell. The girl is right, we *are* under suspicion. I have come back from Armagh post haste to tell you that.

J. NEWELL : Why waste our time here ? Let us go.

SAM : And desert our Chief—Napper Tandy ?

J. NEWELL : Oh, d——n Napper Tandy.

SAM : How dare you, you blasphem—i——ous infidel.

C. O'HANLON : Leave this to me, Citizens. I have a plan.

J. NEWELL : My plan is to cut my stick and sail for America.

C. O'HANLON : Now, listen, I have a scheme which I formulated this evening. I propose to bring a gentleman here to-night in ten minutes, who will turn the tables in our favour.

SAM : Is he a member ?

C. O'HANLON : He is not.

SAM : Of course it is our duty to make welcome the stranger within our gates—but is he one of the right sort ?

C. O'HANLON : He is—Lord Castlereagh.

(*This acts as a bombshell.*)

SAM : Charles O'Hanlon, have you lost your reason ?

JOE NEILL : The man's mad.

J. NEWELL : That settles it. This place is getting too hot for me. When our own members turn traitors I——

C. O'HANLON : That insult can only be wiped out with blood, but in the meantime Newell—take a seat and hear my explanation. (*The others grumble*). Citizens, I have been in the company of Lord Castlereagh for the past two hours——

J. NEWELL : Where ? In the barracks ?

C. O'HANLON : No, in my father's house. He honoured my father by supping at his table this evening.

SAM (*shaking his head*) : *He* honoured *your* father.

C. O'HANLON : I admit that Lord Castlereagh is fighting against us, *but* he is a man open to reason. He has the true interests of Ireland at heart.

SAM : Young man, the leopard cannot change his spots. I know him of old, and I tell you that wherever Castlereagh goes he leaves nothing in his train but weeping and wailing and gnash——

C. O'HANLON : Ach, you've all got a wrong impression of his Lordship.

JOE NEILL : Not so much of "his Lordship," Charlie. Don't forget that we're all practically republicans here.

C. O'HANLON (*to Joe Neill*) : Did *you* ever come into contact with his—with Castlereagh ?

JOE NEILL : Once—he horsewhipped me in my own printing office.

C. O'HANLON : Ach, you're prejudiced. I tell you all, Lord Castlereagh, although he is wrong, is sincere, and has plans for the regeneration of Ireland.

SAM : He has plans for the selling of our country to William Pitt. He is nothing but a County Down Esau, who would sell his birthright for a mess of pottage.

C. O'HANLON : On the contrary, Castlereagh would lay down his life for Ireland.

JOE NEILL : Why do you think that ?

C. O'HANLON (*losing all patience*) : D——n it, he told me so *himself*. (*All laugh but Charles*).

JOE NEILL : I'm surprised at your father inviting him to his house.

C. O'HANLON : He came on his own invitation. He hadn't

spoken to my father for many years. He was most agreeable.  
He called me Charles.

SAM : Beware of the wolf in sheep's clothing.

C. O'HANLON : Nonsense—he spoke kindly about our club.

ALL : The "Muddlers"?

C. O'HANLON : Yes. I'm coming to the point now. To-night his Lordship told me that he wished to be more in touch with the people.

JOE NEILL : He's not going to touch *me* again.

C. O'HANLON : He wished particularly to pay a visit to the "Muddlers' Club." (*They all rise to go*).

J. NEWELL : Look here, O'Hanlon, do you expect us to meekly walk into your trap?

C. O'HANLON : I refuse to answer that question unless it is put in writing. Lord Castlereagh was informed——

J. NEWELL : He has plenty of informers round him.

C. O'HANLON : He said that he understood that we were a society of cultured men, distinguished in literature and the fine arts, and that we met nightly for conviviality. He never hinted at politics.

SAM : This is all very well, Charles, but what is it leading up to?

C. O'HANLON : I want Lord Castlereagh to come in here to-night, and I want you all to pretend to be a literary and artistic community.

JOE NEILL : Pretend ! Am *I* not a literary man ? Is the Editor of "The Northern Constellation" (*slaps his chest*) a duffer?

C. O'HANLON : I'm sorry, Joe—I was thinking of myself.

JOE NEILL : But you are a scientist. Did you not invent a beetling machine for your father's factory ? (*Charles laughs*). Aye, and what about Newell?

J. NEWELL : I should hope that a man like myself, who has studied Art in the Ecole des Beaux Arts in Paris, and——

C. O'HANLON : Of course—that makes it all the easier. But I want us to set about *now*, and make this *room* like a *real Hell Fire Club*.

SAM : I'm not in favour of this scheme of yours, Charles ; but what like is a Hell Fire Club?

C. O'HANLON : I've never been *in* one myself, but I fancy it's a place where men play cards and draughts and throw dice, and all that sort of thing.



JOE NEILL : And *drink*, Charlie—they drink an awful lot—these Hell Fire Lads.

C. O'HANLON : Then we must get up some drink—wine.

JOE NEILL : I'll ring for Bella (*pulls bell-rope*). Citizens, I think this scheme of Charlie's is well worth a trial. (*To Charlie*) Now, what exactly *is* your idea.

C. O'HANLON : It is simply this—if you all follow my instructions—play well your parts as literary men out for the night. I will bring Lord Castlereagh in here ; he is only across the way in Kelly, the vet's. He will come in, see you, perhaps converse a little, and go away under the impression that politics are furthest from our thoughts.

J. NEWELL : What *good* will that do us ?

C. O'HANLON : Can't you see, man ? After to-night we needn't care about Yeomen, Grand Jury or Magistrates. When we have got the great Castlereagh, Chief Secretary of Ireland, on our side, we can snap our fingers at them all.

SAM (*shaking C. O'H's hand*) : It's a bold stroke, my lad. I would like to strike that serpent, hip and thigh.

(*Enter Bella*).

C. O'HANLON : Run away, girl, we're very busy—now boys, let—

JOE NEILL : But the wine. (*To Bella*) Don't run away yet, my girl. Don't forget the wine, Charlie.

C. O'HANLON : Oh yes, of course—the wine. Bella, bring us some wine—port, the best in the house—one, two, three, four—say half a dozen bottles. Now look alive, my beauty (*pushes Bella out*). Now boys, let us set to work and make this room like a real club. Now, Newell, get some dominoes out of that cupboard, and playing cards if you can get any. Sit down, Mr. Dodd, here—you must be playing cards with Newell at this table.

SAM : The devil's books ; thank God, I never was tempted. I'll not touch them, Charles. I will not defile my hands.

J. NEWELL : You're not likely to—there's none here.

JOE NEILL : Here's a pack (*takes cards from his pocket and throws them on a table*). Deal out a hand to Newell.

SAM : I couldn't do it, Joseph.

JOE NEILL : Sure you'll only be playacting.

SAM : Playacting ! *Me* playacting ?

JOE NEILL : Aye. You've done nothing else all your life (*turns his back on Samuel and goes to his own table*). You oul' hypocrite. (*Sits down, pours out a glass of wine, and drinks*).

C. O'H. (*bending over Joe*) : Look here, Joe, not too much of this stuff, you'll need all your wits about you to-night.

JOE NEILL : Didn't you say we were only to do a bit of playacting ?

C. O'H. : That's all.

JOE NEILL : Well, this is my full dress rehearsal.

BELLA : Real muddlers after all (*exit*).

C. O'H. : Sit down Newell—opposite Mr. Dodd, and deal a hand. (*He takes some cards off the table—and dominoes—and scatters them over the floor, and lifts a wine bottle and pours some on each table*).

JOE NEILL : Hi ! Hi ! What are you wastin' that good port for ?

C. O'H. : It's not wasted, Joe. I'm giving some local colour—every little counts. You seem to be doing nothing but drinking. You'd better be singing when I come back.

JOE O'NEILL : What do you want me to sing ?

C. O'H. : Oh, something rollicking—what about "Lillibillero" (*hums the air "Protestant Boys"*).

JOE NEILL : D——d if I sing *that*. I can't sing anyway. If I must do something, I'll read the newspaper. (*Pulls out a seditious paper. C. O'H. snatches it, rolls it in a ball, and throws it in the grate*).

C. O'H. : You'll not read that. Well boys, I'm off. I'll be back in a jiffy (*rushes out*).

(*Silence for a second*).

SAM : Friend Newell, this is the first time in my life I've had playing cards in my hand, and would you believe me, I couldn't tell which ones are upside down and which ones are right.

J. NEWELL : Neither could I.

SAM : I'm very glad to hear you say so, young man, and I hope you'll never learn. It's a game invented by the Prince of Darkness and practised by his angels.

J. NEWELL : Is it really ?

SAM : Aye, but there will be no card-playing in hell, young man.

J. NEWELL : Nothing but draughts, I suppose.

SAM : I'm not so sure about *them*.

JOE NEILL (*staggering over to Sam's table*) : What are you slow-coaches doing over here? (*Puts down a bottle and glasses*). You're a poor class of revellers (*walks back to his own table and drinks*). I can see you boys making a mug of this business.

(*Enter Lord Castlereagh, followed by C. O'H.*).

Here's to Napper Tandy, and may his shadow never grow less (*drinks*).

LORD C. (*standing at the door*) : What a perfect picture of peace. (*Joe is humming "Paddies Evermore"*). This is a reassuring sight, my dear Charles, in these days when the clouds of civil war are threatening over our heads. Ah, very intellectual-looking men. Many of your members, I understand, are quite distinguished in the world of literature and the fine arts.

C. O'H. : It is quite true, my lord ; but I am a very unworthy member.

LORD C. : You are still young, my dear Charles. I suppose *these* are some of the men who have earned for Belfast the name of the "Northern Athens."

(*Joe O'Neill yawns*).

C. O'H. : This, my lord (*pointing to Joe*) is the man who invented the name.

LORD C. : Really. Who is the elderly gentleman playing cards?

C. O'H. : That is Mr. Dodd. (*Calls*) Mr. Dodd!

LORD C. : Pray don't disturb him. Let him enjoy his game in peace. Is he not Samuel Dodd of Carryduff?

C. O'H. : The same, my lord.

LORD C. : I thought he was a pillar of his Church.

C. O'H. : So I'm told, my lord.

LORD C. : I hardly think his minister would approve of his playing cards.

C. O'H. : His minister, my lord, was hanged last week—for high treason.

LORD C. : The old story, Charles—"when the cat's away the mice will play."

C. O'H. : I'm sorry there is such a small attendance, sir ; but it is early yet—for *our* boys.

- LORD C. : I expect the absent members are still out celebrating.
- C. O'H. : Celebrating ?
- LORD C. : Surely you must know that this is the anniversary of the fall of the Bastille.
- C. O'H. : We "Muddlers" take no interest in French or any other politics.
- JOE NEILL (*sings*) : March on ! March on ! Ye sons of France, march on !
- C. O'H. (*leaning over Joe*) : Shut up, you damnation fool.
- LORD C. : Who is that brigand with the Paris whiskers ?
- C. O'H. : John Newell, sir, a rising artist.
- LORD C. : No one could charge him with being a "croppy."
- C. O'H. : He has just returned from Paris, my lord.
- LORD C. : Ah, that accounts for a lot. I would like to meet him, Charles.
- C. O'H. : I'll bring him over (*walks over to J. Newell, and brings him back to Lord Castlereagh*). My lord, allow me to present Mr. John Newell (*J. Newell bows very low*).
- LORD C. : You are an artist, Mr. Newell.
- J. NEWELL : I have that honour, monseigneur. I dabble a bit in oils (*smiles in a superior way*).
- LORD C. : Yes, I see some in your hair. You have studied in Paris, I'm sure.
- J. NEWELL : Yes, monseigneur—also in Milan, Florence, Naples, Rome, and other——
- LORD C. : Tell me, Mr. Newell, is it only artists who wear beards in Paris ?
- J. NEWELL : Oh, no, monseigneur, everyone in Paris wears beards—"tout le mode"—it is "la mode."
- LORD C. (*turning to C. O'H.*) : Just what I thought, my dear Charles. It is gratifying to know that the "sans culottes" have the decency to hide their shame in whiskers (*turns back to J. Newell*). Is that a drawing book you have, Mr. Newell ?
- J. NEWELL : Yes, my lord ; but I am sorry there is only one drawing in it.
- LORD C. : One may suffice. May I have a look ?
- J. NEWELL : Certainly, monseigneur (*hands book to Lord C.*).
- LORD C. : Ah, the Goddess of Liberty. Do you think, Mr. Newell, you will have a great sale for such subjects in Belfast ?



J. NEWELL : I was thinking of going to America—if my funds would allow of such——

LORD C. : It may cost you nothing. If you keep on drawing Goddesses of Liberty the Government will give you a free passage to the West Indies (*turns his back on J. Newell and addresses C. O'H.*). I must not leave without paying my respects to Samuel Dodd, he is an old tenant of mine. (*Walks over to Sam and puts his hand gently on his shoulder*). Well, Samuel—what's trump ?

SAM : Indeed I don't know, my lord. These devil's books bewilder me.

LORD C. : I'm afraid, Samuel, you're in bad company. Good-night (*walks back to the door, then to J. Newell*). Parlez-vous française, monsieur ?

JOE NEILL : Lend me the loan of your gridiron (*chuckles*).

J. NEWELL : Oui, monseigneur.

LORD C. : Comme un Parisien, n'est pas, m'sieur ? Bon soir.

JOE NEILL (*wakening up*) : In this club—the "Muddlers' Club" (*chuckles*) we consider it bad manners to speak in a foreign language—but seeing it's French—we'll let it pass—we'll ac-skuze you. I like the French. Vive la France ! (*lifts his glass*). Long live Buonaparte—the little Corporal (*drinks*). Le petit Caporal—*There's* French for you.

LORD C. : I thank you, my dear Charles, for introducing me to your colleagues. Your members are quite a jovial company, but I would advise you to warn your friend (*points to Joe*) not to be quite so outspoken. Magistrates are dull fellows and have no sense of humour.

C. O'H. : I'm sorry, my lord. Poor Joe has got a drop too much.

LORD C. : Poor Joe might get a drop too *many*.

C. O'H. : He is usually a nice fellow, but he's lost his head for the moment.

LORD C. : If he's not careful, he'll lose it *permanently*. Good-night.

C. O'H. : But, my lord, I would like to accompany you back to our house.

LORD C. : On no account, Charles. I would not have you break up such a merry company. Au revoir.

C. O'H. (*flinging himself into a chair*) : Hell ! Hell ! Hell !

JOE NEILL : Wha—a—as the matter ?

C. O'H. : You drunken swine (*re-enter Lord C.*) : You've blown the gaff. We are ruined.

LORD C. : Oh, Charles (*C. O'H. jumps to his feet*), I had forgotten ; be so good as to convey to your dear father my apologies. Tell him I am unavoidably detained in Belfast for the night. Good-night.

C. O'H. (*leans against the closed door*) : My God ! My God !

J. NEWELL : I am not surprised at this (*picks up his hat*) : We are trapped. "*Sauve qui peut*" (*goes to the window and lifts the sash*).

C. O'H. : Stop ! Newell, you must not leave this room. We will go together or not at all.

J. NEWELL : It is plain who is at the bottom of this.

C. O'H. : What do you mean ?

J. NEWELL : It is your work, O'Hanlon. Go back to your Castle-reagh and lift the blood money.

C. O'H. (*walks slowly across the whole stage, takes off one of his gloves, which he has previously put on for the purpose, and slaps J. Newell across the face, then stands back and folds his arms. Nothing happens*). Can I not insult you, you white-livered cur, can I not insult you. It is your move now to challenge me to mortal combat. I am at your service. To-morrow at dawn, or at your meal hour if it suits you better. Any time or place you like. Choose your own weapons—swords or pistols—twelve paces—a hundred—any distance you like. COWARD. If you are tongue-tied, can't you use the dummy's alphabet. No ?

SAM : Do not challenge him, Mr. Newell. Remember what the Scripture says—"If a man strike you on the right cheek——"

C. O'H. : If he dare have the cheek to offer me another cheek—No ! nothing but blood will——

SAM : Charles, I implore you. "Let not the sun go down upon your wrath." Make it up, Charles. Be a gentleman.

C. O'H. : It is because I *am* a gentleman that I cannot make this up.

JOE NEILL : Ach, give him one up the jaw.

C. O'H. : How *can* I do such a vulgar thing. I am a gentleman. I have received a liberal education and know my Horace upside down. You ask too much of me, Joseph Neill.

J. NEWELL : I also am a gentleman.

C. O'H. : I know it, sir, otherwise I would not cross swords with you.

J. NEWELL : I was educated in Oxford.

C. O'H. : I know it. That's why I want to shoot you. I ask you for the last time, sir—or madam—will you challenge me ?

J. NEWELL : It would only be a farce. You know full well that by dawn I shall be languishing in chains, whilst you will be free.

C. O'H. : Will you fight now—here—in this room ?

J. NEWELL : No gentleman could possibly fight a duel in this uncertain light.

C. O'H. : That can be rectified (*goes to door and calls*). Bel—la ! a candle.

SAM : Citizens ! Gentlemen ! I cannot stand here and be an accessory before the fact.

J. NEWELL : Nobody asks you. If you are frightened, go out and call the guard.

SAM : I'll be hanged if I do.

C. O'H. : No swearing, Samuel. (*Bella enters with lit candle*).

Girl, put that candle *there* (*points*), and fetch a cup of coffee.

BELLA (*suspiciously*) : Coffee for one ?

C. O'H. : Yes—black—and no sugar. (*He examines the priming of his pistol. Bella goes to the door, but stands outside, with the door ajar. She fears there is something wrong*). Now, sir, let us stand back to back in the centre of the room—so (*he puts J. Newell into position*). I suppose you never fought a duel like this before, sir ?

J. NEWELL : This is my first attempt.

C. O'H. : And your last, ha ! ha ! (*a hard cruel laugh*). Now, we take so many paces from each other, and then turn sharply round and *fire* ! How many paces would you like, sir ?

J. NEWELL : It is immaterial to me.

C. O'H. : Don't look so glum. Say four paces. Now go. One—two—(*Bella appears*).

BELLA : Holy smoke ! It's a jewel.

C. O'H. : Cease firing ! (*Turns round to his opponent*). This girl put me off my count. Girl, get out of this.

JOE NEILL : Go away, girl—this is a smoking a-partment. (*Bella extinguishes the candle*). Ach, you've spoiled the whole damned shooting match.

J. NEWELL : We are trapped again, gentlemen. Can't you see as plain as a pike staff who is the traitor now?

JOE NEILL : I can—see—nothing.

*(A soft knock at the door).*

SAM : Bolt the door, girl.

J. NEWELL : Aye; you'll bolt the stable door *now* that the mare—— *(Bella shoots the bolt. Another knock).*

SAM : Who is there?

NAPPER TANDY *(outside)* : It is I—Napper Tandy. *(They all cheer).*

J. NEWELL : Saved! Saved!

SAM : Hus—sh! This may be an impostor. Newell, do you recognise Napper Tandy's voice?

J. NEWELL : How can I? I have only heard him talk in French.

BELLA : Well, bad scan to you, can't you parley-vous to the man?

J. NEWELL : I never thought of that *(another knock)*. Voos et Napper Tandy nes pas?

NAPPER TANDY *(outside)* : We, we.

SAM : Is that his voice, Newell?

J. NEWELL : Without a doubt. Ouvrez la porte, Bella!

BELLA : We, we! *(Bella opens the door. A man is in the doorway dressed in an English uniform—red coat, cloak, etc. He has a drawn sword in one hand and a lantern in the other. A flood of light is thrown across the room. J. Newell cowers behind Bella).*

J. NEWELL : Trapped! Trapped again!

C. O'H. *(aghast)* : Major Sirr!

ALL : Major Sirr!

NAPPER TANDY : You're a nice lot of Muddlers *(laughs)*.

C. O'H. : You devil incarnate. What are you doing here? *(Major Sirr laughs)*.

SAM : Do not ruffle him, Charles.

C. O'H. : By whose authority do you raid a respectable club?

N. TANDY : In the King's name I arrest you all on a charge of high treason. *(He turns his back to the audience, takes off his hat, white wig, false nose, and black cloak. At the same time there is soft music, "The Wearing of the Green")*.

N. TANDY *(now in green coat. He walks slowly over to Samuel)*



*Dodd, takes him by the hand*). How is poor old Ireland—and how does she stand?

J. NEWELL (*coming forward*): Mon Dieu!—Napper Tandy!

ALL: Napper Tandy!

J. NEWELL (*pointing to O'Hanlon*): That man is a traitor!

C. O'H. (*pointing to J. Newell*): That man is a coward!

SAM (*pointing to Bella*): That woman is a daughter of Judas Iscariot!

*(Bella laughs).*

N. TANDY: None of you are traitors or spies—just muddlers. Kathleen, my child (*stretches out his arms*).

BELLA (*rushing forward to Napper Tandy*): Oh, father, I'm so glad you've come. I thought these muddlers would have murdered each other before your arrival. Aren't they frightful muddlers?

NAPPER TANDY: They surely are, my daughter, These muddlers would make any rebellion impossible. Kathleen, you're the best man in the bunch. (*Bella cuddles in to him, and speaks entreatingly*).

BELLA: Father, let us go to Wexford.

NAPPER TANDY: Wexford! that's my destination. A post chaise awaits us in the tavern yard. (*Bella puts a black cloak over Napper Tandy's shoulders*). Come, child—to Wexford.

C. O'H. (*excitedly*): I am proud and honoured to meet you, General Tandy. You are marvellous. I could have sworn you were Major Sirr.

NAPPER TANDY (*shakes hands*): Tut, tut—that is nothing—my dear Charles. But tell me—how did you like my impersonation of Lord Castlereagh?

C. O'H.: You—you were Lord Castlereagh?

*(Napper Tandy goes off with Bella on his arm. He raises his hat and smiles).*

SAM (*bewildered*): The Lord works in a mysterious way—

*Curtain.*

# The Seal

BY L. A. G. STRONG.

Just before six the rain lifted at last, and Rosamund started off to the shore by herself. George, who had been loud in his outbursts at its continuance, had given up hope after tea and sat down to write some letters. There had been all day in which to write them, but he would not begin ; he kept pacing up and down the little farmhouse sitting-room and watching the sky. Now, characteristically, he would not come out till they were finished. He liked company while he bathed, so Rosamund was going down to the shore to wait for him, in case he got the letters done in time.

She crossed the road, climbed a low fence, every wire of which was bright with raindrops, and went slowly along the path through the broom. Every now and then she brushed against a branch which sent a delightful shower down her bare legs. It was all very quiet. A rabbit, hopping up the bank in front of her, left a little track like smoke on the silver grass. Even the burn below her, running dark and passionately full, made hardly a sound.

After the room at the farm, which on a wet day was dank and stuffy by turns, and which on any day was too small to contain a large fretful man, Rosamund's sense of escape was complete. She would have liked a walk in the rain by herself, all along the rocks, and up by the headland ; but George wanted her company when he went out, and if the weather had cleared while she was away on her own, he would have spent the evening trying not to have a grievance : a generous effort, so patent, and so unsuccessful, that Rosamund could not steady herself even by concentrating upon the fairmindedness which made it. But this was peace. She was glad now that she had not come out before.

There was a sound across the burn. Old Mrs. McLean flung open her door and hobbled out to feed her chickens. Her quavering call came through the stillness. Rosamund waved, but could not be sure that the old lady saw her.

This was Rosamund's own country. She had spent every summer here since she could remember, and everything had always been the same. Mrs. McLean's door had always made the same noise, and when she called her dog home in the evening, it was always with the same call, for each dog had the same name, although this was the third Darach Rosamund had known. Last

summer, on their honeymoon, she and George had only been able to manage a bare ten days here, but George had sworn the loss should be made good, and cheerfully dedicated the whole of the next holiday to the farm. That was one of the nicest things about George ; he did want one to be happy. Still, he enjoyed the place too, tremendously, so that Rosamund need not reproach herself.

The broom stopped short, and she came out upon the sand. All sorts of flowers grew upon it until the final slope of the sandhills, where only the reeds could live. Beyond was the beach. The thick carpeting of moss felt delightful to her bare feet, a quite different feeling from the grass.

It was very necessary to go out by herself now and then, for since she married, the place seemed somehow different. Its immediate beauties were obvious, but there had always been a great deal more for her than the lights and colours which called forth George's " By Joves," and " I say, Rosamunds." George's personality was so loud—well, so vigorous—that one often needed a good while alone to let his echoes die away. It was lovely to have him interested in what one did, and he took a real, intelligent interest : yet, the result was rather like his trick of taking up and continuing, in a hearty baritone, the tune she was quietly humming to herself as she did the housework.

Almost imperceptibly, the rain started again. Rosamund reached the sandhills, turned to her right, and went through the gap beside the burn. She loved the sudden sight of the Islands one had this way, and, even though to-day they would probably be invisible, she did not like breaking the pure snowy face of the sandhills with great sliding footmarks.

The smaller Islands were lost, but a dark strip of Skye showed beneath a layer of woolly cloud. The sea was flat and pale as a sheet. There was not even a bird on the beach ; and the only sound was the indefinable whisper of soft rain falling upon sand.

Rosamund went very slowly down to the sea's edge, scooped a dry place—it was surprising, even after a day's rain, how soon one reached dry sand—and sat down, spreading her mackintosh about her like a tent. The rain was quickening : it began to patter audibly on the mackintosh, to collect in little gleaming rivulets and run down jerkily into the sand. All was still and intimate. She looked slowly around, and then again at the rivulets. While an hour like this was possible, she could be happy.

Some instinct made her look at the sea. At first, there was nothing ; and then a dark object broke the surface. It looked like the float for a lobster-pot ; then it moved, and she saw that it was a seal. It was looking at her. She did not stir.

For a moment the head moved indecisively. Doubtless, the seal could not make her out. Then, with a snort which carried perfectly on the still water, it dived again.

"Oh," breathed Rosamund, heartbroken, "don't go away," and it seemed that her own country was rejecting her, if the seal could not trust her not to wish him harm. She scanned the surface in an agony, and saw at last an unmistakable dark shadow, clear over the white sand : and there he was again, with a sort of oiled suddenness, away to the right, but definitely nearer, staring at her. Without moving, Rosamund began to whistle, in low, clear, liquid notes, like the rain. The dark head became absolutely motionless. He was listening. Then she put into the notes her soul, her happy summers, all her childhood, flowing out across the water to him in one of the Island tunes she had loved ever since she could tell one note from another. She whistled to her past years, to all that had meant happiness : she called to her own country to recognise her, and take her back to it again. Her soul and breath were one, and even in the uttermost of her appeal she had a sense of ecstasy, as of an artist consummating his vision alone, with none to praise him.

Then, slowly and softly, the big seal swam towards her, his dark head sleek on the water, his wondering eyes fixed upon her. Tears started to Rosamund's eyes.

"Oh, bless you," she breathed, "bless you, you darling."

When he was quite near, she began to sing to him, in a low voice, clear as her whistle, but not so steady. She sang him the Seal Croon, and the Seagull of the Land Under Waves, and all the time the great nursery creature stared at her with soft eyes, in attention and vague delight. When she stopped, he blew, and made a commotion in the water, till she began again. It should have lasted for ever.

He stirred. Something had alarmed him, and even as she realised this, she heard a hearty voice behind her, and George came charging headlong over the sandhills, bringing down avalanches with each leap.

"Dr-ink to me o-o-nly-"



The seal gave him a long look, then it looked back at Rosamund, and without a reproach it was gone, silently, a black shadow, detached from land and sea.

"By Jove," bellowed George, excitedly, "There goes a seal—look, Rosamund—see him?—There he goes—there!—By Jove, a whopper!"

He plunged up panting to where she sat.

"I'd no idea they came in so close," he cried. "Did you see him?"

"Yes," said Rosamund.

# Book Reviews

A HISTORY OF IRELAND AND HER PEOPLE TO CLOSE OF TUDOR PERIOD.  
By Eleanor Hull. (London: Harrap & Co., Ltd. 18s. net).

Miss Hull is an Irish historical scholar of eminence. She is the author of two excellent elementary treatises on Early Ireland. Her *Cuchulain Saga in Irish Literature* finds a niche in the bookshelves of discerning lovers of our past. *The Text-Book of Irish Literature* is an accurate compilation. Both in *The Northmen in Britain* and in her contributions to the "Saga Club" journals she has established her title as one of the best of living authorities on the Norse era in the British Isles. With such an equipment the undiscerning would hail a general history of Ireland by her with joy. Yet when the writer saw the announcement that this admired author was to add to the flood of such unnecessary books he was sorry. Why? He knew that failure to win distinction was inevitable. At the present stage of our knowledge none but specialised work, limited in time and in scope, can be of worth. Even Miss Hull can give us, at her best, but a rehash of a tiresome dish. Whilst the earlier periods of Eire's past have been illuminated by many eminent scholars, native and foreign, from the beginning of the twelfth to the end of the sixteenth centuries, there remains an immense amount of first-hand research to be effected ere hundreds of dark places know the light, and thousands of problems solved.

When moving over well-surveyed periods, that is, to the eleventh century, the author has written well and attractively. Her contribution to the story of Norse Ireland is more accurate and deeper in learning than most of her fore-runners. From thence to the sixteenth century she can but repeat the old, disjointed, imperfect tale. 'Tis a pity that she has followed the unjust and too common practice of giving no adequate acknowledgment of the use of others' toil. Mrs. Green, Goddard Orpen, Curtis, Bagwell and Wilson, to name the most prominent only—these creditors receive scant courtesy.

The title of the book is a misnomer, for there are but a few trivial details, outside the borrowing from Mrs. Green's pages, of the history of the people, as distinct from political happenings. Miss Hull is a fine Gaelic scholar, and so could have utilised with telling effect the best material known for that purpose—the bardic poetry. Kuno Meyer declared that without it there could be no true Irish history. Elsewhere Miss Hull has cried it down. It is a curious viewpoint. The official record publications of England, France, Germany, Belgium, and Italy include such material, recognizing truly that popular and class poetry is a mirror of the thoughts and feelings of those for whom it was composed.

The author deserves praise for the illustrations. The most vivid of the three portraits of the Old Countess of Desmond is here. "Hugh O'Neill in Old Age and Blind" is a welcome addition to our knowledge. It is to be regretted that the absurd sketch made by the satirist Barnaby Gooch on the margin of a State letter, in the style of a wanton schoolboy spitefully limning his tutor, should have found place, seeing that two contemporary portraits are available, one in Derrick's *Image of Ireland*, the other is included in O'Grady's edition of the *Pacata Hibernia*. When Francis Joseph Biggar sent me a copy of the wild, fanciful painting of "Shane O'Neill," by a Belfast artist, I wrote him: "The

man of the brush deserves imprisonment. The picture might represent Julius Caesar or Gustavus Adolphus or Don Quixote as well as Shane O'Neill. No Irish, Scottish or English lord of that era was so costumed or accoutred. It's a nightmare, not an historical portrait."

The account of the sixteenth century is full of errors, many fundamental. Seeing that Silken Thomas declared that he fought under the banners of the Pope and the Emperor Charles V, it is strange to find that "he was excommunicated by the Pope." Dublin Castle, not Rome, was the fulminator. He received the papal pardon. Miss Hull seems oblivious of the fact that from the days when Desmond tried to win the aid of France and the Emperor the national movement to drive the English out of Ireland never waned. It is writ large over the State Papers. Instead, she denies its existence. Cecil did not wish Shane O'Neill to dress "like a gentleman." No more brilliant figure moved in the London of his day than that astute courtier and diplomatist, O'Neill. What Cecil wrote was that O'Neill was to be induced to change his Irish garb and "go like an Englishman." His opinion was that O'Neill was "great, crafty, and rich." It would be an easy task to exhibit, did space permit, hundreds of misstatements.

Want of knowledge, it is to be charitably hoped, gave birth to the many slanders in these pages. Generally, Miss Hull canonises the English lords and metes out commination to the Irish. Ignorance of contemporary English, Scottish and Continental history is responsible for citing the sexual laxities and the drinking bouts of a few Irish lords as an indication of a state of barbarism. No Irish chieftain had so many concubines as Henry VIII or James IV or James V of Scotland. The immoralities of Elizabeth's court have been recorded by many contemporaries. The renowned House of Lorraine is stained with lust, riotousness and murder. Mountjoy, Lord Rich, Earl of Salisbury, the Earl of Leicester—these were "barbarians" assuredly if "civilisation" connoted virtue. Miss Hull seems to take liberty with her authority, O'Grady, as to the practice of torture by the Irish lords. But torture was a commonplace in all European countries. She does not tell us of Dublin Castle racks, nor does she refer to its Star Chamber. Why be silent that assassination was a State policy of the English in Ireland? In her alleged use of Philip O'Sullivan there are unscholarly liberties. He "lamented" that the Irish troops "did not hold their hand even from the desecration of Armagh Cathedral." Strange comment, indeed, to his careful readers! Now O'Sullivan explodes in violent language in denouncing the "barbarous heretics" for their constant desecration of Catholic fanes. Why conceal the truth (see State Papers and Four Masters) that the English had fortified Armagh Cathedral, as they fortified many Irish churches, and used it as a fort and garrison from the days of Sussex onwards. To burn out the "desecrators" was a holy act in O'Sullivan's eyes.

Irish historians have yet to treat our people as a part of the human family, with all its nobilities, as well as all the frailties to which the flesh is heir. On the one hand we have saints and scholars, heroic, unsullied; on the other, barbarous wretches wallowing in sin. Neither were the English the brute beasts our nationalists would make them, nor so vile as their own slanderous countrymen, in the State Papers, would have us believe. There is neither justice nor impar-

tiality on either side. In the *Four Masters* Shane O'Neill obtains a glorious verdict. No English official is so magnificently lauded as Sir Henry Sidney. That is not Miss Hull's way. O'Neill is exhibited in satanic colours; Sidney is the beau ideal. Her sketches of the principal English leaders are graphic, attractive, and partly fanciful. She is like an early Italian artist limning saints. The portrait of Sidney is the finest in her gallery. He found "Brag a good dog," and posterity has taken him at his own valuation. Let some of the concealed warts on his fair face be shown. She tells us that he was known to the populace as "Big Sir Harry"; they usually jeered "Big Henry of the Beer"—he had Falstaff's liquid capacity. Certainly he deserves to be remembered gratefully for "the preservation of State Papers." But he was long held in execration by the Irish for his relentless destruction of Irish literature. "The Four Masters" euphemistically name him "The spoiler of the bards." He founded schools assuredly, yet our people were ungrateful, since they resented having their children robbed thereby of faith and nationality. She tells us of the drunken habits of some Irish lords, on the testimony of their foes. Why hide the charge that Sidney was both a drunkard and a glutton—"a lusty feeder and a surfeiter, which was a great pity in so goodly a personage": thus his eulogist in the *Book of Howth*. His own despatches prove that he was as ruthless as Alva in dealing with "rebels"—he hanged in one session alone 2,000, a greater number than won Judge Jeffrey eternal infamy in English history. Nor is there the slightest hint of his "intimacy" with the notorious Mrs. Issam. Strangely enough, the deed on which Sir Henry prided himself—the murder of Shane O'Neill—is passed over in silence. In spite of his eulogists, the English of the Pale hated him for his oppression—"He was not behind-hand of cesses," and "the poor commons" were so racked by charges which he and other Deputies "do put on them" that the people "marvel" that such tyrants fear not "the plague of God." (Carew vi., p. 207). The Irish lords, Gaels and Sean Ghalls, obtained the same fulsome adulation from their interested flatterers as the lords of any other country obtained. Sidney, like O'Neill, was neither so good as his passionate admirers believed nor so wicked as his detractors have said. Shane O'Neill was "the most perfect man since Christ died" to his own people, and to his enemies the most wicked. So it will be to the end of time: praise and blame are a mere matter of feeling, not of justice.

SEAN GHALL.

\* \* \* \* \*

## MODERN SOCIALISM.

THE INTELLIGENT WOMAN'S GUIDE TO SOCIALISM. By G. B. Shaw. (Constable, 15s.).

LENINISM. By Joseph Stalin. (Allen and Unwin, 7s. 6d.).

THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION. By James Mavor. (Allen and Unwin. 21s.).

THE MODERN CASE FOR SOCIALISM. By A. W. Humphrey. (Allen and Unwin. 12s. 6d.).

A SURVEY OF SOCIALISM. By F. J. C. Hearnshaw. (Macmillan. 15s.).

Socialism, communism, and collectivism of many kinds, continue to figure conspicuously in the publishers' lists despite the notions of the popular press



that "rationalisation" of industry has completely superseded all socialistic ideas. The fact seems to be that socialism has passed definitely from the emotional and revolutionary phase, and that it is now in a state in which discussion of ways and means rather than fundamental principles is welcomed. Not that "we are all socialists now," as people said twenty-five years ago in England, but that it is becoming increasingly recognised that the very "rationalisation" of industry of which so much is heard must ultimately lead to collective control of some kind.

It is probable that Mr. Bernard Shaw's book will assist very considerably in the clarification of ideas. There is nothing in the book which will be novel to those who have followed Shaw's writings and speeches, but all who make the discovery of Shaw the thinker for the first time will be agreeably surprised, and are likely to succumb without a struggle. The book is really an expansion, with trimmings, of the famous speech in the National Liberal Club which was afterwards published as a Fabian Tract. Equality of income is Shaw's way of solving the problem of economic justice, and he makes out a case that is certainly as convincing as any case logically argued can be. After a thorough examination of all possible methods of distributing the products of industry, and discarding each in turn for good and adequately stated reasons, he adopts that of equality of income, and the remainder of the 700 pages of the book are given over to a discussion and description of the changes that such a method would entail. Of course it is all revolutionary to anyone who believes that the present social system is the best possible, but to Shaw it is the essence of commonsense, and indeed so it seems to anyone reading the book. "When you go into the matter," he says, "you will realise that revolutions do not nationalise anything, and often make it more difficult to nationalise them than it would have been without the revolution if only the people had had some education in political economy. If a revolution were produced by unskilled socialism (all our parliamentary parties are dangerously unskilled at present) in the teeth of a noisy and inveterate capitalist opposition, it would produce reaction instead of progress, and give capitalism a new lease of life. The name of Socialism would stink in the nostrils of the people for a generation. And that is just the sort of revolution that an attempt to nationalise all property at a blow would provoke. You must therefore rule out revolution on this particular issue of out-and-out uncompensated and unprepared general nationalisation *versus* a series of carefully prepared and compensated nationalisations of one industry after another." The socialists, Shaw thinks, are the great obstruction to "socialism in our time." This book is certain to have a profound influence upon social and economic thought throughout the world. It is the wittiest, the sanest, and the most readable book yet written upon social problems; it will be read by thousands for its wit alone, and it will carry conviction, or disturbance, into places otherwise inaccessible to social thinking. To congratulate Mr. Shaw would probably only excite his mirth, we can congratulate ourselves upon having the book.

After G. B. S., Mr. Humphrey's book *The Modern Case for Socialism*, is somewhat heavy reading. Nevertheless he presents his case in a fashion that is likely to appeal to those who demand facts and figures for everything. The book is a full and complete discussion of present-day socialist thought in the light of contemporary economic and political conditions. It is written in a simple,

direct style which will appeal to the "business" man, and all the time it is the general reader who is borne in mind. Quite outside its merits as an exposition of modern socialism, the book contains a large amount of useful information on social and industrial conditions. No student of social problems can afford to miss this carefully-prepared and fully documented presentation of the socialist case.

*Leninism* as expounded by Joseph Stalin ought to be an interesting and an "intriguing" book. But, alas, it must be stated that the book is anything but exciting. One would need to be already an ardent Leninite, which I am not, to be enthused by the apparently endless discussions of things which might enthuse Russians but which do not enthuse others. Leninism is defined as "the Marxism of the epoch of imperialism and of the proletarian revolution. To be more precise: Leninism is the theory and the tactic of the proletarian revolution in general, and the theory and the tactic of the dictatorship of the proletariat in particular." If you are interested in such tactics this book will be necessary to you.

In *The Russian Revolution*, by the late Professor James Mavor the historian of Russia, will be seen how these tactics worked out in practice. The story is not by any means elegant, and is not for squeamish people, but no one can attempt to understand what is passing in Russia to-day without reading this excellent and fully documented history. There were few people who knew Russia as Professor Mavor did, and his *Economic History of Russia* has long been a classic of its kind. The present work completes that earlier history, bringing the complete economic history of Russia almost up to date.

The industry of Professor Hearnshaw is marvellous, book after book comes from his pen almost as freely as leading-articles from a daily journalist. He is, perhaps, more the daily journalist than the professor, more the controversialist than the scholar, but he is sufficiently the scholar to be generally accurate in his facts and moderate in his opinions. In *A Survey of Socialism* he formally recants, as he believes, all the socialistic heresies of his youth, and now condemns all socialistic ideas as sheer folly and nonsense. His case against socialism is strong enough if socialism itself had not changed almost as much as the Professor, and his comments on social conditions generally leave the impression that he is not very satisfied with the world as it is. Everything Professor Hearnshaw writes is interesting, and stimulating; this book is no exception to the rule. It will be read by socialists to discover what is the worst a fine opponent can say against it, and by anti-socialists in search of argument. The anti-socialists will be disappointed, perhaps, in the Professor's comments upon individualistic competence.

L. P. B.

\* \* \* \* \*

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION. By Albert Mathiez. Translated from the French by Catherine Alison Phillips. London: Williams and Norgate. 1928. Pp. 510+xix. 21s. net.

Outside the small volumes by Kropotkin, Beesly and Bax there has been

practically nothing available in English on the French Revolution except on the political, military and personal aspects. Even the monumental work of Jean Jaures has not found a translator. The result has been the adoption of a one-sided and incomplete view of causes and events. That should no longer hold good, for the balance has now been restored by this admirable translation made by the wife of the Lecky Professor of Modern History in Trinity College.

Amongst the foremost living authorities on the period Professor Mathiez has a master's knowledge of the social elements and economic factors which played so important a part in the Revolution. His approach to historical problems is like that of the Marxians but it would be inaccurate to describe him as a servile follower of that or any school. His temper indeed is unorthodox, his method is his own, and his research is keen and exhaustive. His judgment, shrewd, penetrating and independent, is expressed in a style characteristically French in its clarity and grace, and Mrs. Alison Phillips has succeeded in conveying its best qualities to the English reader.

The three smaller works now translated in one volume were written for the general reader and the translation therefore lacks the usual critical apparatus. But M. Mathiez's work is based upon extensive and critical use of documents, some of them unpublished and many of them unfamiliar to students, and it embodies much of the brilliant original labour for which M. Mathiez is distinguished.

"Revolutions properly so called—that is, those which go beyond a mere change in political forms and those who govern, transforming institutions and transferring property from one class to another—work underground for a long time before they break out openly as a result of fortuitous circumstances. The French Revolution . . . had been slowly coming to a head for a century or more. It arose from the ever-increasing divorce between reality and law, between institutions and men's way of living, between the letter and the spirit." That note is struck throughout and emphasis is laid upon social and economic developments, the play of class interests and the importance of the cost of living, speculation in foodstuffs, profiteering, wages, rents and land questions as factors at every stage. But there is no minimising of personal and political influences when these are decisive. The re-valuation of the character of some of the revolutionists, for instance, gives a picture of Mirabeau and Danton less favourable, and of Robespierre and Marat more favourable than is found in the drum and trumpet histories. Yet the complete work has an objectivity which places it beyond the charge of partisanship and it presents a synthesis which puts the Revolution in a new and clearer light.

The student as well as the general reader will find every page illuminating, and the professional historian might profitably take the whole volume as a model of how history should be written.

Paper, binding, and printing are American and very agreeable to hand and eye. The type is Old French style, revived in 1878 by Gustave Meyer and founded on designs used by the Elzevirs at Leyden in 1634.

C. O'S.

THE GOLDEN STAIRCASE: POEMS AND VERSES FOR CHILDREN CHOSEN BY LOUEY CHISHOLM. (T. C. & E. C. Jack. 10s. 6d. net).

Miss Chisholm's anthology, the first edition of which was published twenty years ago, has long since taken its place as one of the best in its kind. The new edition, a thick volume of nearly 600 pages well printed and well illustrated (by C. E. and H. M. Brock) will most certainly ensure the volume its place amongst a newer generation. It is a treasure house which contains something for every child, and moreover, for every mood of every child. The modern poets are well represented for the editor seems to have, as we say, "a way with her" in the obtaining of copyright work. Indeed, as she tells us in her charming preface, only twice has she met with a rebuff in her kindly work of sharing "what has given pleasure to herself" with others, and I doubt if the two (publisher and author) who have attained that "bad eminence" will enjoy their lonely state. Amongst the Irish poets are many favourite poems—A.E.'s "Frolic" and Joyce's "Strings in the earth and air" and F. R. Higgin's "Wisdom" and many another lyric which is, or should be, familiar to the ears of Irish children. We congratulate Miss Chisholm on the triumphant success which has crowned her labours; and we envy the children who, through the skill of her selection, may enter the fair domain of poetry by such a golden way.

\* \* \* \* \*

THE MAGIC INK-POT. By The Marchioness of Londonderry. With illustrations by Edmond Brock and Lady Margaret Stewart. (Macmillan & Co. 15s. net).

In the very modestly worded preface to this exquisite gift-book of Irish Legends the author tells us that "they were written as letters, with no intention of making them into a book," and that is, perhaps, one of the secrets of their charm. "They do not pretend" she adds, "to be in the least accurate, but, in many places, when the legends were suitably written for very young people, I have given the exact rendering and language of the beautiful original—Ella Young's *Celtic Wonder Tales*." A very wise proceeding, for few have given us the old stories of our country in fairer language than Ella Young, as those will agree who have followed her re-telling of the story of the Gubbaun Saor and his Son as it appeared in the pages of *The Dublin Magazine* six years ago.

But The Marchioness of Londonderry has also much of the true story-teller's art, and her skilful weaving of the legends into the everyday life and adventures of the young folk for whom she has made this book will delight the hearts of countless children. Mr. Edmond Brock, if he *has* somewhat departed from the tradition of Celtic interpretation, has nevertheless produced some very lovely pictorial commentaries on the stories. His dragons and ogres are truly awesome, and in his depiction of the "Slimy creatures that swarmed and groped" he has caught the true feeling inspired by them in the small child who watches from the overhanging cliff.



FRANÇOIS VILLON: A DOCUMENTED SURVEY. By D. B. Wyndham Lewis.  
(Peter Davies. 12s. 6d.)

"Villon" says the author in his preface "I know now almost as I know some of my friends and more, for how much does a man know his friends." The book can hardly be more truly praised than by saying one ends it vividly convinced of the truth of this assertion. The amazing amount of research and profound scholarship necessary for the production of such a work as this, are condensed with an artists' absence of ostentation, into a background for the writer's emotional perception of Villon.

Villon inspires his students with this spirit. It appears to be difficult to study his life and work, as it were, in cold blood. He demands contemplation and dodges tabulation with all the grace of his gracelessness. And to contemplate this intense personality is to feel the lyrical intuitions rising up like primitive instincts to quicken the pastoral demeanour of scholarship.

This poet attracts to him poets in scholars' clothing. They hug the heavy fleeces of learning about them but the old poetic wolf will out in intuitive springs and the too-fiery flash of golden eyes. As we watch them moving over the Parnassian slopes we know them for the true denizens of those wild regions. They cannot in the end pass off as being merely one of the scholarly flock that go there to graze. They never settle down to browse and fatten among lush folios. Instead they prowl restlessly, crouching and snuffing the air always for a living prey. It is the heart and body of Villon—the fierily vital Heart and Body, which down the centuries, still sing their tragic argument to humanity—that his students long to bear down.

This is undoubtedly the true and only manner of approaching Villon. He who, after the fashion of his age, saw Death steadily and saw it whole, had within him a spark of life so dazzling that to this day, those who come to classify, seeing it, remain to paint.

And so this "documented survey" is, in the first place a portrait. Mr. Lewis paints for us an aspect of Villon, amazingly particularized by his tireless research, astoundingly clear-cut with the light of his profound sympathy with his model. He presses into his colours all his mighty harvesting of mediæval learning, so that much of the essence of the time and country radiates from this single figure.

The following passage might perhaps be taken as giving the keynote of the book:—

"In the symphony of Mediæval Paris which is Villon's poetry, in its rich tumult, its vivid colour, its cruelties and generousities and riotings and obscenities and crimes and dirt and splendour and prevailing largeness—the Middle Ages were sometimes scandalous but never vulgar—in its strange pathos and preoccupation with Death, in all this there is mixed the brawl of the streets and the laughing loud song of taverns, the screams and giggles of daughters of joy and the everlasting disputations of the Sorbonnical Doctors, the clink of goblets and the clash of steel, the thud of flying feet and the jangle of chains and the creak of ropes on Montfaucon gallows: but under all these noises there runs with a steady beat permanent, like ground-bass, the chant of *De Profundis* and *Salve Regina*."

N. F. J.

THE CHALLENGE OF THE SENTRY. By David Hogan. (Dublin : Talbot Press. 3s. 6d. net).

Story after story has been written around the young men and women of Ireland in the years of the Anglo-Irish war. Most of them I should not care to read again. In these things good intention is not enough, and when the fever of battle has cooled the number of our war stories that are worth re-printing dwindles to comparatively few.

Among the writers of those that will survive are Daniel Corkery, Michael Scot, and Dorothy Macardle. David Hogan, too, is of the elect. This volume of his stories and sketches has the qualities that raise them above the ephemeral. They are sincere, dramatic, well-turned. They have colour, incident, strength and swift action. They have sentiment but their author's restraint and discipline save them from bathos. And their directness, simplicity and truthfulness make them read as if they were told at the fireside by the fighters themselves.

This book is indubitably a sympathetic and understanding revelation of the mind and heart of militant young Ireland in our last heroic period.

C. H.

\* \* \* \* \*

DAYS OF FEAR. By Frank Gallagher. (London : John Murray. 5s. net).

"If any man," said Edgar Allan Poe, "have a fancy to revolutionise at one effort the universal world of human thought, human opinion and human sentiment, all that he has to do is to write and publish a very little book. Its title should be simple—'My Heart Laid Bare.' But this little book must be true to its title."

Frank Gallagher has written such a book. He did not choose the title Poe suggested and probably he did not intend to attempt anything revolutionary in literature. But every line of his *Days of Fear* fulfils the conditions laid down by the author of "The Raven."

Prisoners for conscience or for country's sake have written some great books. Our countryman, "the prisoner Mitchel," has given us a splendid journal. The most human of them all, the incomparable Tone, has left us pages as imperishable as his own noble fame. Frank Gallagher's gift to our literature takes its place with the greatest of them.

To many who looked on from without, the hunger-strikings of eight or ten years ago were but incidents in a war between empire and nation. To those who took part in them they were much more than that, they were a continuing agony of mind beside which the most frightsome nightmare and mere physical suffering are but light punishments easily borne. In *Days of Fear*, Frank Gallagher has conveyed that mental torture in all its intensity with a fidelity and a vividness that make one actually re-live those days and nights of horror, with their rapid passing of physical cravings and their successions of hope and despair, love and hate, exaltation and depression of spirit, and all the dim, shadowy, intangible imaginings that haunted the caverns of the mind when the

body had given up its hunger and the soul was left with no support but its own strength.

For what? For Ireland as Frank Gallagher and the hunger-strikers conceived her: "Ireland is the dead and the things the dead would have done . . . . Ireland is the living and the things the living would die for . . . . Ireland is the spirit . . . . It is the tradition of the laughing courage of men upon whose heads the pitch-cap has been placed by fiends . . . . It is the tradition of undefeat . . . . of indomitable failure . . . . of love for an ideal as strong as the love of the Apostles for Christ as He quivered upon the Cross . . . . That Ireland with that Christ-like spirit which God breathes into subject peoples . . . ."

Let nobody say that this book is like the outpourings of some great Russian's soul. It is the heart of an Irish idealist unbared and nobody but an Irishman could have written it.

In literary quality, in emotional power, in psychological value, it is easily the foremost Irish book of the year, on a plane by itself, apart and unique, a terribly beautiful and memorable thing.

C. O'S.

\* \* \* \* \*

ORLANDO: A BIOGRAPHY. By Virginia Woolf. (Hogarth Press. 9s.).

There is a feeling of joyous ease about the writing of this book. The author seems, having climbed to a height of mastery, to be disporting herself for sheer refreshment and celebration of achievement. It is as though having conquered her medium she paused, for a book's space, to play with it, as one might pause to play with a fierce animal tamed to devotion: rolling it over, turning it head-over-heels, tossing it sky-high, and putting it on its feet again—proving gaily to herself and others that it has remained throughout beautiful, good-humoured, graceful, and eagerly subservient to her will.

Such indeed is our sense of some intrinsic gaiety in the book, that we suspect the merry child Poetry to be hidden somewhere in this edifice of Prose, mischievously converting all the sober household stuff into his playthings. Every now and then, from some hiding-place behind the arras, we can hear him exploding into bubbling rhythms that betray his presence. The whole house has submitted to his fantastic domination, and as we walk through it, we, too, accept all his arbitrary transformations and see without protest the armchairs, the tables, the bedrails, quickened to a protean life, changing before our eyes to galleons, flying chariots, tourney-horses, and thence at word interchanging their forms or taking on yet others.

This work indeed eludes dissection. One feels it would be an error of taste to attempt to be explicit about it. Virginia Woolf appears to be withdrawing, book by book, from the earth that is less native to her than the ethereal elements about it; and one is impelled towards trying to evoke "Orlando" with airy hints and watery innuendoes.

The book is formed to the small, marvellous beauty of a sea-shell, holding within it the ocean-murmur, sweetly diminished, of four surging centuries. One recaptures, in listening, something of that early amaze of hearing the shell-murmur: "The sea then is somewhere close at hand? Somewhere just out of sight!"

Or, since the art of Virginia Woolf, perhaps, reveals and suggests even more to the eye than to the ear, one might better say that "Orlando" transmutes the waters of the past into a changing sculpture of cloud, flung across the heavens from noon to twilight. Shapes and colours emerge and fade. They move now swiftly, now slowly; they swell and darken mournfully, or dwindle to thin shreds and antic fleeces, frolicking along in the breeze. It is as though the poet's vision, brooding sun-like for a while over the waters of history, had drawn up such vapours as were susceptible to that particular warmth and set them floating in bright visibility across the sky. By absorbing just these few discriminated moistures and transmuting them into a lyric rag-tag and bobtail of cloud for us to see, Virginia Woolf has been able to set the whole boundless ocean surging within us.

M. S.

\* \* \* \* \*

THE PEACEMAKERS. By Alice Ritchie. (The Hogarth Press. 7s. 6d.).

An impressionistic view of the office life of the League of Nations. The ironical title gives expression to the form of disillusion so frequently felt on observing at close quarters the officials of an institution, professedly existing to carry out an idea. The sound pessimism with which the author concentrates on the atmosphere of nervous irritability and petty spite amongst the official staff carries one over many minor inequalities and inadequacies in this first novel.

The sound of "ces langues envieuses" sets Miss Ritchie as fiercely longing to fry them as was the mediaeval author who erupted a volcano in ballad for the purpose. It is true her recipe for frying in no way resembles his famous one; for the condiments used when the frying pan is set on a crater, are too explosive for a modern kitchen. The dish, when prepared for us by Miss Ritchie, is not nauseating or even unpalatable, but merely spiced and pleasantly bitter. Yet, rake out the ashes of her up-to-date range, and you will find the true black lava. For it is in her indignation we find this author's strength. Nature in this spot, where she brought forth the first-born of her modern worshippers, has not enchanted Miss Ritchie, whose writing about the Lake strikes something the same note of prosaic ill-humour as Thomas Moore's reflections by ever fairer waters.

"By that Lake whose gloomy shore  
Skylark never warbled o'er."

One would be astonished if a famous beauty so ill-praised should refrain from sulking, and one takes for granted mutual antagonisms between Thomas Moore and the Lake of Glendalough, between Miss Ritchie and the Lake of Geneva.



Yet the beauty that the Lake hides from her, rises quite foamily from the dark torrent of her indignation. A passage illustrative of this is the one where an old Japanese, one of the Directors, hears the news of the sudden death of one of the secretaries: a girl whose good looks have been established and her reputation disestablished in the Office so long that both have acquired the air of being her institutional prerogatives. The event has set the whole staff buzzing and whispering. Scandalmongering, frightened out of its wits, turns into a feverish sentimentality over the dead girl ("the first death in the Office"), seeking for some other reputation, some other name, whether of honour, or dishonour to rend to pieces and heap as a sacrifice on her coffin.

As we read, the Office seems to hum about us, hatefully, deafeningly, uneasily, making us think of a swarm of locusts smoked into the air by a sudden flame. Out of this atmosphere—destruction scourged away from the fruitful earth, only to leave barrenness behind—the final comment of the old Japanese rises like a single spray of blossom from the East.

"Mr. Yamanaka hung up his fusby black hat, and greeted his secretary, a young Pole. 'They tell me,' he said, 'that Mr. Calhoun's secretary died in the night.' 'No!' exclaimed the young man, who was of the kind which is never told news. 'I am sorry.' 'I had it from the porter,' said Mr. Yamanaka, his face puckered in a hundred wrinkles. Followed by his secretary's sympathetic regard, he potted to the window, making concerned little noises, and stood blinking through his spectacles at the ravaged garden and the tender autumn sky. 'She was a most beautiful girl,' he said. 'It gave me great pleasure, always, to see her.'"

In saying I receive the impression that Alice Ritchie's writing is worthily influenced by the work of Virginia Woolf, I intend, needless to say, not to suggest plagiarism (which the very nature of true pupillage excludes), but on the contrary to fit a cap of high praise on an untried head. For to be capable of becoming a recognizable and presentable pupil of this rare master must surely imply, at any rate, a certain depth, fineness, and originality of literary potentiality.

M. K.

\* \* \* \* \*

NIGGER TO NIGGER. By E. C. L. Adams. (New York and London: Charles Scribner's, Sons. \$2.00).

There is something peculiarly fitting in the title which the author of that fine book *Congaree Sketches* has given to his latest work. Many American writers in recent years have written well and intimately *about* the nigger people: Dr. Adams gives us the nigger as he talks to the nigger, or, one might truly say it, *as he talks to himself*.

The book is divided into sections. In the first of these, "The Swamps," we get the atmosphere of those deadly places, with their inhabitants living and dead, limned for us by a master hand. "An dere is a ole tree dat stand out in the water dat all you got to do is to watch it an you can see ha'nts come out er de moss an' see 'em make sign to one annudder. Sometimes dis here tree

is kivered wid 'em, but most times dere is jes two on 'em settin' on a limb. Ain' nobody know wha' dey say, but dey voice will rise up an' creep to you' years on de night air, an' it come like a wail or a moan. An' de moonlight gits cold in de hot summer time an' fog rise up an' all kind er thought comes to you' mind : people dat is long since dead an' gone, both white folks an' niggers, ole time slavery folks . . . white folks—fine white—buckra an' overseer, mens an' womens dat nuse to work in de swamp fields an' hunt an' fish in Goose Pond."

That is great writing, as great in its way as those magical sentences in which Synge has described for us the sights and sounds of the Wicklow hills at night ; but the book is full of such things, and it is quite impossible in a short notice to give any idea of its strength and power, its pathos and its humour. Nigger to Nigger, White Folks, Ghosts and Angels, Bur Rabbit, Preachers, Slavery Time, and Funerals—such are the titles of the various sections of this enchanting book, which has no dull or uninteresting page, or even passage, from beginning to end. It is a terrible and tragic book in places, but everywhere its sombre beauty is shot through by the humour which seems to be inseparable from nigger life. It is everywhere lit up by that splendid religious faith of a people who are forever "travelling to a country which they have always longed to see." Always we have the sense of

*" Angels' hands helt out,  
For God's poor chillun,  
Singin' wid de harps er Jesus,  
Music ringin' through de air ;  
God's voice above it all."*

\* \* \* \* \*

WORDS AND POETRY. By George N. W. Rylands. (The Hogarth Press. 10s. 6d.)

"Words . . . their meanings, implications and emotional values," are the subject of this book, one of supreme interest to writers. The author is a newly appointed Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, this being his Fellowship Dissertation. When one remembers the arid wastes of painstaking dullness which constitute the average Ph.D. or Litt.D. thesis, one feels that King's College is the richer by the real poetic understanding displayed in this young scholar's piece of investigation.

The chapters on "Style and Diction" and "Symbolism and Adjectives" interested me most, though in the former the value of assonance for producing a telling emotional effect might have been mentioned. The latter chapter is headed with Humpty Dumpty's remark : "When I make a word do a lot of work like that . . . I always pay it extra." The author has much to say on the overworked symbolism of words such as "moon" and "rose," the current coin of poetry. "The poet names those objects which have in the past excited the delight, the desire, the envy, the allegiance of man ; those objects of which to think is to fasten the hand upon the heart."

The evocative power of names, too, is an absorbing subject. Who is not excited by Cathay, Arabia, the Hesperides? Villon's dead Queens, Spenser's knights "of Logres, or of Lyonesse"; and Proust's old French aristocracy are mysterious and full of suggestion. "The mere sound of the words *La Princesse de Parmes* filled the air with the scent of violets; and like many other young men, he falls in love with the *Duchesse de Guermantes* for her name's sake, as the incarnation of the splendid and historic past, a fairy, not a woman."

The second half of the book consists of "Notes and quotations preparatory to a study of Shakespeare's diction and style." The author's freshness of mind is apparent in his original comments and conclusions on the varying phases of Shakespearean style, and as in the first essay the illustrating quotations are admirably chosen; "nosegays many and sweet," as Mr. Strachey says in his introduction, which resembles nothing so much as one of those worldly but good-tempered dowagers who sponsor some pretty young *débutante* on her first appearance in the *beau monde*.

M. S. P.

\* \* \* \* \*

WINTER SONATA. By Dorothy Edwards. (Wishart & Co. 6s. net.)

Miss Edward's short stories showed her to be an accomplished painter of that most elusive subject, the adolescent girl. Her novel gives us two more of these "yongë fresshë folk," Olivia and Eleanor Neran, who seem to be quite closely related in their charm and reality to Tchekov's Masha and Irina. The whole book is rather Russian in atmosphere. Nothing happens except drifting inconsequent conversations indoors and the varying moods of the country in winter taking their course outside.

In Mr. Premiss and George Neran we get an interesting contrast. Premiss, the cultured essayist, egocentric, incapable of any feeling except a feeling for style, popular socially, and a successful practiser of "*amour galant*," owing to his stimulating mind and superiority in worldly wisdom, throws into relief the unembellished sincerity and simplicity of the stout philosopher.

Arnold Nettle, the invalid post-office clerk, is also good as representing the inarticulate musician type to whom the conversational ease of the Neran household is a perpetual amazement.

The winter landscape is etched in with a personal and unusual vision. This is typical: "But very soon, even before night, the snow melted and only the grey bare branches were left dripping with the melted snow, and it seemed as if some lovely little princesses had turned into ugly bent witches. For winter is like the false Florimell, and her beauty melts away if it is touched."

Miss Edwards' avoidance of over-emphasis and unrestraint makes the book seem a little thin and wandering in parts, though its sensitive prose will please most connoisseurs of fiction.

M. S. P.

## FOREIGN PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

Notwithstanding the censorship, literary journalism seems to flourish in Italy. We continue to receive copies of *La Conquista dello Stato* and *L'Italiano*. The former is directed by the famous Fascist freelance Currio Malaparte, and the latter describes itself as the organ of the Fascist revolution. The one is of Rome and the other is of Bologna. Both are fortnightly. They are printed on excellent paper, and illustrated with vignettes, but in format rather resemble the kind of weekly that Mr. Arthur Griffith used to publish here. Their contents, which are far from conventional, do not read like a dictation. Both papers oppose the belief in stupid force, and give a notion of Fascism other than that which has rendered Italy dear to choleric colonels in Cheltenham and "Kingstown." He who can read and write, observes *L'Italiano*, has also the right to live.

*L'Italiano* contains work by one Julian Green. This is a series of observations—stimulating and profound—on religion, entitled *I Cattolici*. Julian Green was a name that we did not know, but that seemed to be that of an Anglo-Saxon. And *I Cattolici* was stated to be a translation into Italian. Latterly, we note that there is a novelist of the same name. He is the American author of a story of French life called *The Closed Garden*. This book, it appears from the advertisements, has won high praise from Arnold Bennett and others. Are this Julian Green and the Julian Green, author of *I Cattolici*, one and the same person?

We also continue to receive from Milan copies of that excellent monthly review, *Il Convegno*, which keeps abreast of all the movements of European literature, not excluding those of our own hyperborean island.

\* \* \* \* \*

MONSIEUR CROCHE, THE DILETTANTE HATER. By Claude Debussy. (Noel Douglas. 6s.)

THE ENJOYMENT OF MUSIC. By Basil de Sélincourt. (The Hogarth Press. 2s. 6d.)

The first of these books is a collection of articles written by Debussy for journals, reviews, etc., and has a consequent ephemeral and disconnected character. If the reader can survive this, and the inevitable mangling of a witty and ironic prose style by translation, there is, as might have been expected in the criticism of so distinguished a musician, much that is of interest in these *causeries*. He has a hawk's eye for the shoddy and meretricious in a composer or virtuoso, and his remarks on the inspired simplicity of César Franck, the clarity and grace of Rameau, in whom he sees French music at its best, and on the regrettable influence of the Chevalier Glück, through whom "French music enjoyed the somewhat unlooked-for blessing of falling into the arms of Wagner," have an inevitability of judgment that requires no exhausting mental reservations on the part of the reader.

Debussy avoids completely, and this despite his metamorphosis into English,



the impenetrable obscurity in which so many modern musical critics find it necessary to enfold their ideas.

In spite of his name, Mr. de Sélincourt, the author of *The Enjoyment of Music* possesses no such reasonable Latin lucidity. Indeed his style might be called the "vague-obscure"! When he remarks, on page 6, "Why is this essay written in a mist?" the reviewer feels tempted to reply, "Why, indeed?" Occasionally the verbal visibility clears and an inspired, if somewhat disconnected sentence emerges. "Specialisation breeds pedantry, and . . . is even more stifling to music than to literature; since literature, describing the world, invites its judgment, while music, describing nothing, is at the mercy of those who have nothing but music in their heads."

To hard-working aspirants to musical taste who cannot appreciate the structure of the fugue or the variations which Mozart wrote at the age of nine years, Mr. de Sélincourt holds out no hope whatever. He does not seem to realise that the musical pilgrim's progress, for all except musical supermen, leads often enough through the Slough of Despond, Mount Error and Vanity Fair before the Delectable Mountains are even dimly apprehended.

M. S. P.

\* \* \* \* \*

DESTINY BAY. (London: Sampson Low, Marston Co., Ltd. 7s. 6d.).

In this—unfortunately his last—book Donn Byrne has left behind him a cherished legacy. In it he reaches the full maturity of the artist. By gradual stages—*Messer Marco Polo*, *Brother Saul*, *Blind Raftery*, and all the others—he climbed to the topmost peak in *Destiny Bay*. Alps upon Alps arise, but the Derry hills seem to overtop them all. The sun sets in golden tints behind the hilltops, across the moors, casting its shadows in the open spaces within twenty miles of Derry walls. The author leads us to a dreamland where the brown bees drone and the wild roses nod, close to the rocky coast where the last galleons of the Armada went down. The waters of the Bay are not territorial. They mingle with the Seven Seas, and sometimes bear us to far-off lands like Polo himself. But it is within the homely land of Destiny that we are allowed to linger longest and join the most delightful company that man could meet. Aunt Jenepher, a delicate creature who, though blind, sees beauty everywhere; Uncle Valentine, a stout old Tory, but as Irish as the heather on his purple mountains; Ann Dolly, a Spanish refugee, lineal descendant of those whose bones lie in Destiny graveyard; James Carabine, full-blooded Orangeman, who hoisted the green flag above the American prize-ring—these are but a few of the picturesque figures who dwell near Destiny Bay. Each has a tale to tell, and it is in the telling that the main merit of the book lies. Each in turn unfolds a strange vista that holds us in a thrall, and then we pass on to be again spellbound. We meet some strange characters, Celts, Gipsies, Arabs, and a host of other fascinating folk, all drawn with the sure confidence of the master-hand. They prattle and sing and dance in the liveliest way, and never did author revel more merrily among them. He

is with them and of them all the time. He knows their virtues and their frailties. He does not idealise them, for he knows too well that they are but human. Read the tale of Carabine and his fights; read the story of the Derby won by the Romany Queen, and your blood will tingle in the telling. We do not know which to admire more—the portraiture or the descriptive work. Each represents the author at the height of his power. The thought that he will never give us another book is at least softened by the knowledge that his last work will live in the hearts of every lover of pure literature. Donn Byrne will never die as long as water laps the coves and crannies of Destiny Bay.

\* \* \* \* \*

PIRATES, HIGHWAYMEN AND ADVENTURERS. Edited, with an Introduction, by Eric Partridge. (The Scholartis Press. 7s. 6d. net.).

Piracy, if not the oldest profession in the world, can at least lay claim to an exceedingly remote origin. "The earliest literature of Greece," writes Professor Ormerod in the interesting chapter which forms an introduction to the present volume, "shows us the Homeric pirate pursuing a mode of life at sea almost identical with that of the Frankish corsairs; in our records of early Crete we can see the first attempts of a civilised state to cope with the evils of piracy and protect its sea-borne commerce." Every sea-neighbouring land has produced its national type of pirate, and those countries whose situation has saved them from the activities of this nefarious profession have suffered from those of the less romantic but equally obnoxious Highwayman. Coleridge, in a passage from the "Table-Talk" which is quoted by Mr. Partridge, has made a valiant effort to preserve the fame of the great Elizabethan sailors from the imputation of piracy. "I think it very absurd," he writes, "and misplaced to call Raleigh and Drake, and others of our naval heroes of Elizabeth's age, pirates. No man is a pirate unless his contemporaries agree to call him so. Would it not be silly to call the Argonauts pirates in our sense of the word?" But here, alas, patriotism must have dulled the memory of the most omniverous of readers, for, in one sense at least, the English sailors of the sixteenth century were the worst pirates of all. For whereas the pirates of other nations refrained from their activities in the winter, taking the opportunity during this season of refitting their ships, this time of truce was not observed by the fellow-countrymen of Drake; and in 1603 we find the Governor of Zante complaining bitterly that "they" (that is, the British pirates) "keep the sea even in mid-winter and in the roughest weather, thanks to the handiness of their ships and the skill of their mariners."

But it may be that Coleridge was not aware of the poor Governor's complaint, for he had not the advantage of those wide researches made by Professor Ormerod and Mr. Gosse and the host of lesser writers who have, of recent years, enlarged immensely our knowledge of the "trade." So great, indeed, is the mass of material unearthed by these workers that the difficulty of compiling such a



book as this must be principally one of selection, and Mr. Partridge has done it well. From Bion to Masfield he has ranged in quest of matter, and the result is a volume which will be an ornament in any "Pirate Library."

And although, to me at least, this portion of his book presents more interest than any other, he has been equally judicious in his selection of extracts dealing with Highwaymen and Adventurers. Shakespeare, Raleigh, Defoe, Fielding, Smollett, Captain Johnson (of course), Scott, Trelawney, and even Mrs. Gaskell have all contributed a share, and the editor has blended his quotations with such rare skill that I venture to prophesy that *Pirates, Highwaymen and Adventurers* is a book which will keep many a reader, young and old, up late at night.

\* \* \* \* \*

### BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTES.

A GOLDSMITH DISCOVERY.—Just at the moment when the bi-centenary celebrations of the poet's birth are taking place the discovery of an early and hitherto unrecorded edition of the selected poems of Goldsmith is an event of much interest and some bibliographical importance. The volume in question is a slim octavo (the copy discovered measures  $7\frac{1}{8}$  in. by  $4\frac{1}{2}$  in.) of 64 pages, well printed on stout paper by Magee of Belfast in 1775, the year after Goldsmith's death. For the benefit of collectors and bibliographers we reproduce the title-page in full :—

#### POEMS

BY THE LATE

DR. OLIVER GOLDSMITH

THE TRAVELLER	viz., 	THE DESERTED VILLAGE
THE HERMIT		RETALIATION

To which is prefixed  
THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

(Printer's Device).

BELFAST :

Printed by James Magee, at the Bible and Crown,  
in Bridge-Street.  
M,DCC,LXXV.

The collation is as follows : 8vo ; pagination, pp. [1]–64, consisting of [1], title, verso blank ; [2]–13, Life of Dr. Oliver Goldsmith ; 14, blank ; pp. [15]–64, text. Signatures, A–D in eights.

The date is interesting. Only two Goldsmith publications bearing the date 1775, both of extreme rarity, have hitherto been recorded in the bibliographies. One is the *Miscellaneous Works of Oliver Goldsmith*, containing all his essays and poems, a London volume which ranks as the first collected edition; the other is the *Select Poems* published by Griffin (also of London) and is a mere pamphlet of twenty pages. The newly-discovered volume is therefore, bibliographically considered, of much importance. The "Life" has the initial "G" appended and is, as may be surmised, a reprint of the "Anecdotes of the late Dr. Goldsmith," by Glover, which appeared in the *Annual Register*, 1774, pp. 29-34. The text in the case of each poem is that of an early edition (Goldsmith was forever polishing and refining his work), and it is curious to notice that the Postscript to "Retaliation"—the Epitaph on Caleb Whiteford—is omitted, although it had appeared in the fifth edition of the poem published in the previous year.

It is somewhat regrettable that this interesting volume of Irish origin was not available for the Loan Exhibition of early Goldsmith books held in Trinity College during the bi-centenary celebrations. Is it too much to hope that sooner or later a small fund may be set aside for the purpose of keeping rare books of Irish interest in Ireland?

\* \* \* \* \*

BOOKSELLERS' CATALOGUES.—Collectors will find that one fact emerges very clearly from a study of the booksellers' catalogues of the present season: their books are going to cost them more. The rise in prices during even the past twelve months is astonishing, and in some instances phenomenal. Nor is this upward tendency confined to any particular branch or period of literary history. If a book is rare and desirable (two things which are not by any means the same) one may safely say that in nearly every case its money value—an aspect which cannot, alas! be ignored—is greater to-day than it was twelve months ago. The most remarkable increases, naturally, are to be recorded in First Editions of certain modern authors, for here the market is always in a "liquid" state and reputations can be made and unmade overnight by some very definite but mysterious agency. About a year ago the books of Thomas Hardy in their original issues reached a "peak" figure, but of recent months they have suffered a slight set-back. Shaw (for so many years vastly underrated) and Galsworthy are now the fashion; and Kipling and Barrie rarities are also highly esteemed.

In the latest catalogue of Messrs. Francis Edwards, Marylebone, London, the two *Jungle Books* of Kipling are quoted at £38 in First Editions. Granted that they give us Kipling at his best, is there any justification for asking £38 for two books, comparatively common as modern First Editions go, which a year or two ago could be had anywhere for less than a third of that figure? The discriminating collector will surely prefer to pay what is—by comparison—the modest £20 asked for a First Edition of *Elia's Essays*, or the mere trifle of £7 ros. for the eight volumes of the first collected edition of the works of William Butler Yeats.



From Mr. Bertram Rota, 76A Davies Street, London, W.1, we have received a pleasantly varied list of Modern Books, mostly First Editions and offered at prices which compare very favourably with other London lists of the present season. Amongst items of Irish interest we notice a copy of James Joyce's *Portrait of the Artist*, a presentation copy of the first issue with an autograph postcard inserted. This is priced at £9 9s. The first issue of the first edition of George Moore's *Spring Days* at 25s. and A.E.'s *Divine Vision* (1904)—quite a rare book—at 4s. 6d. strike one as being more than reasonable; but the real bargain-hunter will at once seize upon the Second Series of the Tower Press Booklets, the six volumes of which can be had for 35s.

Mr. Norman Colbeck, formerly well-known to many collectors as the head of Foyle's rare book department, sends us an interesting list from his new bookshop in Sutton Street, Soho Square, London. It is entirely devoted to First Editions (many of which are "Association" copies) and has an attractive supplement dealing with modern Irish authors. Amongst the many low-priced items we notice the Theatre edition of *The Playboy* (1907), 15s.; Seumas O'Sullivan's *The Twilight People* (1905), 15s.; Yeats's *The Hour-glass* (1905), 8s. 6d.; and A.E.'s *The Hero in Man* (1909), 8s. 6d. Irish collectors can hardly hope to secure better value than this.